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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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LOVE LETTERS BY PROXY.

HOW THE PICTURESQUE BUT UNLETTERED SON OF SUNNY ITALY GETS HIS CORRESPONDENCE ATTENDED TO AND GIVES A BRUNETTE BEAUTY A CHANCE TO ADD TO HER SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNT.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., New York.

OSCAR is said to have been vera Wilde at the failure of his play to catch on.

THE French having knocked Annam out are now preparing to smash China.

POOR Paris! Her aldermen are coming to New York to find out how to do it.

THE dramatic cesspool is cooking vigorously. For further information see page 3.

OSCAR says the critics murdered his play. The public owe the critics a debt of gratitude.

TURTLES are now the most fashionable pets. Eels are expected to be in style by the end of fall.

“SHALL dwarfs marry?” asks an evening contemporary. Certainly, if they can get any one to marry them.

SAMMY TILDEN has taken to yachting. There is no accounting for men's tastes when they fall into their dotage.

IF Gebhard doesn't consider horses better standbys than Lillies he ought to sell Eole and emigrate to England.

It is rumored that Jay Gould has applied to the Legislature for permission to change his name to Vulture Gould.

WORSE men than Uncle Bill Tovee are alive yet, and preaching against the POLICE GAZETTE in the churches of America.

THE banjo is fashionable among Chicago ladies. The Chicago ladies are always original in their fashions, if not select.

GENERAL GRANT says Slade is the only half-breed he takes any interest in, and he expects to see him laid out by stalwart Mitchell.

ROSCOE CONKLING is a grandfather. The effect of this startling information on Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague remains to be discovered.

A 10,000 candle power electric light burns in front of a Philadelphia newspaper office, but it don't make the paper any brighter reading.

RHODES now says he hasn't got money enough to swim the Niagara rapids. He never will have, if he owns all there is in the world.

THE excursion accident we predicted has come to pass. But it came only in a mild form. Look out for the next. It will be a blood curdler.

CATS may have nine lives, but the one which tried to fight a bulldog last week must have lost eight of them before she tackled her canine foe.

IN Paris it costs you \$100 to strike a policeman. Here the policeman does the striking, and it costs you anything from your life down to \$10 or ten days.

MIKE DONOVAN evidently don't know when he has got enough. He wants Davis to knock him out over again. Mike must be very fond of violent exercise.

NARODNI JEDNOTA SOKOLSKY is the name of a Bohemian society in Baltimore. The chief qualification for membership is a double jointed tongue and a broken jaw.

THE National Deaf Mute Association held their second meeting the other day in New York, but no one knew anything about it, and not a word of the proceedings got out.

OUR Religious Editor comes up smiling as usual. His reports of the good works of the good works of the brethren throughout the country ought to prove fascinating reading.

THE owners of the Riverdale say that they are not to blame for the slaughter of their passengers. Of course they were not. It was the fault of the passengers for not taking another boat.

A THIEF recently stole a watch and chain and \$12 from the “blind side” of a one eyed man in this city. The other side of the man is now looking for that thief with vigor enough for both.

PETER DWYER, the POLICE GAZETTE evangelist, has published a book of songs of his own composition. It is called “Rays of Sunshine,” and is a good \$50 worth, though it is sold for 50 cents.

THERE is a young woman in Kentucky who faints when she hears the word leg pronounced. It is safe to bet that that young woman isn't as easily shocked at what she feels as at what she hears.

DOG funerals are becoming fashionable. In view of the now frequent canine obsequies wouldn't it be a good idea to change the old adage “Every dog has his day” to “Every dog has his funeral.”

A RELIGIOUS contemporary thinks the Free-thinkers' convention ought to be suppressed by law. Certainly it ought, and its members ought to be hanged or burned alive for daring to have opinions of their own.

THE owners of the bustup steamer Riverdale say she was examined by the steamboat inspectors last June and pronounced O. K. No doubt of that. Steamboat inspectors have a very convenient way of seeing things for steamboat owners when they know the reason why.

THE man who mistook Counsellor Baker in front of the Brooklyn County Court House the other day for a directory and asked him where “Black Diamond’s” trainer lived would have proved his sense better and found the object of his search by calling at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

THE Smith family had their regular annual gathering at Peapack, N. J., last week. The Smith family is a regular annual nuisance in the newspapers, and it would not be a bad plan to plant the Peapack farm with nitroglycerine just about the time their next family reunion comes around.

AN alleged abortionist, now under arrest in Brooklyn, is said to threaten “startling disclosures” unless she is let go. Now let her be pushed to the wall, and let any one who tries to make favor for her be arrested, too. There is no doubt that criminals of this class can make no end of revelations if they are forced to. For that reason they should be forced every time.

A SOUTHERN “gentleman” the other day slapped a man in the face for not giving up his seat in a street car to a woman. The Southern “gentleman” took care to slap the smallest man in the car, and thus saved himself from being knocked out. It is a pity the man who was slapped did not have a club or a revolver to acknowledge the Southern “gentleman’s” chivalric and high-toned courtesy.

NICE moral people those Texans who object to the POLICE GAZETTE are. One of them, in Galveston, took his wife in bathing one day in the sight of a large crowd. They had a little spat, and he made a big hole with a small penknife in the front “branch” of her bathing suit, “to tame her,” as he expressed it. If he didn't tame her, he certainly shamed himself in the eyes of all decent men in Texas and elsewhere.

WESTERN mining prospectors have lately become so plous that they carry Bibles when they are on the find. This is the result of the experience of a miner who, while reading the good book, fell asleep, and let the fascinating volume fall over a precipice. He clambered down after it, and found the Scriptures open, and a chunk of rich gold quartz lying on a verse which read: “Seek, and ye shall find,” etc. On this tip he sought and found a gold mine which panned out well, and he became a rich man. On the same basis, if he had had a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE or the Week's Doings to drop, he might have struck a diamond mine, at least.

A CHICAGO doctor, when he wants to find out how a female patient's pulse is, feels her knee. This doctor ought to be a Sunday School superintendent. He evidently possesses the chief requirements for that post.

THE swell swindler, Mrs. Davis, who was arrested for working a confidence game on a local merchant, is now said to be a kleptomaniac. Of course she is. Did you ever hear of a rich thief being anything else?

“Down with the POLICE GAZETTE!” shrieks the Rev. Wells, of Canada West. By all means, brother; down with it. Swallow all of its teachings, and it may be the better for you and your parishioners' wives.

OUR society reporter has been so busy this week following up the latest society scandal that he hasn't had time to write anything. But he will come to the front in our next issue with a bombshell for the aristocracy.

JAMES LICK has been dead seven years, and the salaried executors haven't settled his estate up yet. It evidently pays better to be the executor of a philanthropist's estate (at a salary), than to be the philanthropist himself.

THE last of Napoleon's Old Guard has died again, this time over in Jersey, aged 105. The stock of Old Guards must be running pretty low. Isn't it about time for the last of the West India pirates to commence to have a show?

A LADY in Asbury Park had a fit on discovering a negro in her bedroom. If he had been the preacher, or even a deacon, her trepidation would not have been so manifest. But a vulgar, odoriferous blackamoor, you know—oh, baugh!

PHILADELPHIA has the champion plous chief magistrate. Mayor King says, “I will have no more working on Sunday if I can prevent it.” But we have not yet heard that Mayor King eats cold dinners on Sunday or walks to church.

AN alleged bride in Tennessee sent some wedding cake to a male friend and enclosed her compliments in the shape of a quantity of strychnine. Hereafter all wedding cake, before it is eaten, should be thoroughly investigated by a health department officer, or fed to the dog if he isn't a pet.

THE Jews are still being shaken up at a lively rate in Hungary, and the chances are we shall have another wholesale dose of them in all their moral vileness and physical filth. Well, the summer is about over and we may be able to stand them in cold weather. But it will be a job to disinfect us next spring.

Is a heinous crime to attempt to save life at Coney Island, as the report in another column will demonstrate. The men who were drowning must have been the rounds of the hotels, however. The pirate bonifaces of the beach would never have been willing to let them die with any money in their pockets.

THE report that those wicked cowboys intended to “catch on” to President Arthur has vanished into the thin air it was made of. The boys are now looking for the reporter who got the story up to present him with a testimonial of esteem. He has earned it long and strong enough to hold him off the ground.

A NEW way to produce abortions has been discovered. A pregnant passenger on a Pennsylvania railroad train, which was wrecked, fainted away, and in this state of suspended animation gave premature birth to a child. There is no truth in the report that the railroad company is to be indicted for complicity in the offence.

By a typographical error in the article referring to the Detective Bureau at Police Headquarters last week, Sergeant Bird, the efficient second in charge, and right bower of Inspector Byrnes, was called Frith. The Sergeant's name is his own, and he isn't ashamed of it. For this reason, as well as to do justice to him, we desire to correct the mistake. For Frith in the article and illustration in question read Bird, and you will be all right.

THEY have an idea in the rural districts that every sporting paper in the country belongs to Richard K. Fox. Consequently several utterly worthless cheap imitations of the POLICE GAZETTE manage to swindle the public into purchasing them. Once for all it should be understood that Richard K. Fox is the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE and the Week's Doings, and of no other papers at present. His name will be found on every publication he puts forth, and all which do not bear his name are frauds on their face. Paste this in your hat and you will save dimes and disappointments.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit,
Culled from Many Sources.

BROTHERS-IN-LAW—Lawyers.

It is now thought that Courtney could not beat an egg.

A DOGDAY recipe: Go to some ice house and sit there in your skin.

THE modern martyr who suffers at the steak is the chap who lives at the cheap boarding house.

“ATTACH yourself firmly to something substantial in life,” says a writer. Exactly. Marry a fat wife.

L. REMARKED to his wife that a “friend had plenty of grit.” “Well, yes,” she replied, “he looks as if he needed a bath.”

It is reported that an angry passenger threw a porter from a Pullman car out West. This was probably the biggest tip the porter ever received.

POLICEMEN in Washington are very careful whom they arrest. The public official who is on a drunk doesn't fear them. This is a great country.

“TELEPHONE receptions” are a late quirk at summer resorts. They are given by young ladies who endure conversation at three miles' distance very well.

IT is now certain that the wreck found on Mount Ararat is the remains of Noah's ark. They know it by the grease mark in the bunk where Ham was stored.

“WHAT are the easiest things to stuff?” asked a reporter of a taxidermist he was interviewing. “Next to my wife's lounge, I should say reporters,” was the reply.

A SCIENTIST asks: “How was man distributed on the earth?” Well, brother, judging from a painful experience, we would say it was by means of an insidious banana peel.

COUNTRY maidens are now holding guessing matches. They sit out in the garden and guess whether it's a potato bug or an army worm that's crawling down their backs.

“YOU'VE got a new hat, I see,” said one man to another, who was noted for his love for the flowing bowl. “Yes—hic—got a new—hic—hat; but it's got the—hic—same old brick in it.”

“THAT ball last night was a swell affair, wasn't it?” “Swell! If you knew what size my head is this morning, you could say it was a swell affair—you better bet your bottom boots!”

“WHAT a wonderful age of invention it is,” said Mrs. Peterson; “I see they are now making wire cloth, and I'll have some this very week to put a seat in Johnny's every-day pants.”

THE colored brethren are down on one of the city papers because, when one of the reporters spoke of a certain meeting as a “swell crowd,” the paper had it printed a “small crowd.”

WHILE Evangelist Weber was preaching at a camp meeting in Ohio, a wicked fly, “supposed to be in the secret service of Bob Ingersoll, walked down his throat and nearly choked him to death.”

A YALE student who swallowed his diamond pin and called in a doctor to see what could be done, had to submit to the insulting inquiry: “Was it white or yellow glass, and was the pin washed or rolled?”

A WESTERN paper says: “Sam Weldon was shot last night in the rotunda by Henry Parsons.” About the worst place a man can be shot, next to his heart, is in the rotunda. It invariably proves fatal.

AT one of the public schools a small boy was asked to name some part of his own body. He thought for a moment and then replied: “Bowels, which are five in number—a, e, i, o, and u, and sometimes w and y.”

A CRANK avers that the habit of chewing gum leads, via tobacco, to ruinous alcohol. It is of equal importance to say that if some men had never been born they would not now be “raising Cain” in this country.

If you want to see a walking impersonation of solemnity don't go mooning around graveyards and undertakers' establishments. Stand at the stage door of some theatre and watch the leading comedian come out.

THE man has not yet been discovered who can take off his pantaloons at night without tumbling everything out of his pockets. Yet a woman will go through those same pantaloons in the morning so noiselessly that even the mice know nothing about it.

THE scarcity of gentlemen at a neighboring summer resort was so apparent that a Boston lady telegraphed to her husband: “George, bring down a lot of beaus for the hop this evening.” Thanks to the telegraph manipulator, George arrived with a “pot of beans.”

WHAT is a cyclone? We always entertained the idea that a cyclone was a large chunk of wind that spent most of its time gyrating around the country playfully knocking the corner off a town here, chucking an eight-hundred pound steer up a seventy-five foot tree there, and furnishing undertakers with about as much work as a theatre or hotel fire.

MR. WILDE was pleased to inform a reporter that “the rumor of having cut my hair and abandoned my knee breeches, doubtless sent a thrill of excitement throughout this country.” Not Oscar; this country didn't thrill worth a trade dollar about the matter. But if you were to cut your head off close to your big collar and abandon this world altogether, this country will unite in a murmur of deep satisfaction.

MARY had a little bang,

Its color was immense;

Now Mary's heart is truly sad,

For bangs are on the fence.

Straightway she took her front piece off

And laid it on a chair;

Then in indignant tones she said:

“Well, I should blush to stare.”

ELLA WHEELER says, in a poem, that it was “at the twilight hour” when “a dream came to my stern heart's bolted door—a sad faced dream, robed in a garb of woe.” Ella shouldn't go to bed “at the twilight hour.” If she sits up until ten or eleven o'clock, and then drinks one glass of beer before retiring, her “stern heart's bolted door” won't be annoyed by “sad-faced dreams.”

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Newest and Most Noxious Emanations of the Dramatic Cesspool.

Mrs. Gus. Levick's Divorce Suit—Sarah Jewett's Cuteness, and Other Racy Matters.

JOE BROOKS has staked his all on the "Merry Duchess"—a quasi-success in England, and a sure failure in New York. Poor Joseph! How often and how fervently must he wish he were selling paper collars once more in Memphis? An appropriate air, by the way, with which to open the funeral ceremonies at the Standard reopening will be, "When Softly Falls the Jew."

AN English paper, semi-occasionally jerked out in the interests of that organization of mendicants and brigands which calls itself the "profession," says that the barriers are being removed, and that people of society and actors are able to meet on common ground. The English newspaper probably means that more society people are going to jail nowadays than formerly, because it is only too evident that the only ground on which they can meet actors on equal terms is the exercise yard of penitentiary.

ACTRESSES never grow old—in their own minds. Here is Aggie Booth, a dear, nice, amiable, grandmotherly sort of woman, with plenty of mellow wit, a delicious voice, and years enough to make even Minnie Cummings respectful to her superior antiquity, engaged to play blushing infancy in John Stetson's Fifth Avenue theatre. If Lydia Thompson can be secured for the soubrette, and William Warre for the leading juvenile, what a nice contemporaneous kind of a cast it will be! Let Stetson see to this—it's the chance of his lifetime.

It's always pretty refrigerative weather when that austere spinster, Sarah Jane Jewett, doesn't get aboard the train. She is better off by \$1,500 for the smash of the Edgar Syndicate, and will no doubt find little difficulty in catching on to the \$300 a week salary which the newspapers fondly believe she receives, and which the wise man carefully reduces to its actual dimensions—\$125 to wit. Dainty Sarah Jane—with her clear winnings of \$1,500; and happy American public that won't have to endure her highly respectable, very delectable middle aged Juliet this season.

THEY'VE had an elegant sufficiency in San Francisco of that ineffable and inexhaustible blatherskite, Mr. John A. Stevens. John has been adding to the gloom which prevails nowadays on the Pacific coast by insisting on the production of his "Unknown" as soon as his "Second Love" had gone through the community like a cholera epidemic. When he announced his intention of playing in it himself, the San Francisco press strenuously recommended him to the attention of the Grand Jury. John is at work on another monstrosity, and will shortly inflict it upon us at short range.

LARRY BRANIGAN-BARRETT has often got his back up at the critics, but he never did it so badly as in the part of the Hunchback, as played by him in "Francesca da Rimini," a fearful and wonderful tragedy composed by Boker, the fellow who makes Boker's Bitters. Those who have been there and suffered in consequence, say that if his bitters are as bad as his play, Boker ought to experience the full penalty of the law as a fellow who obtains money under false pretences. The bitters are said to have the property of cleansing the system, while the play, so they declare, always cleans out the house. What a pity the "scholarly tragedian" can't get somebody to act under his name, as he has already found somebody to write over it.

"GUSTY" DALY, son-in-law of Old Slime, is spreading out his arms like a cuttlefish. Every time he strikes what his exuberant imagination mistakes for a success, he sends out a company on the road which goes to some remote point and is never heard from. It is becoming recognized in the "profession" that to belong to one of "Gusty" Daly's travelling combinations is almost as dangerous service as to enlist in an Arctic exploring expedition. The fate of either is almost identical. Meantime Old Slime sits in his office and grunts as he "forks over" for the expenses of his various sons and sons-in-law—"Gusty" and "Jimmy" and "Johnny" and "Felix" and Arthur Rebau. But stop! Arthur Rebau is not his son-in-law, that is, not exactly.

THE favorite brother of that extremely plios and moral little woman, Emma Abbott, was arrested in Chicago week before last for seducing his landlady's daughter. This was such a "professional" piece of business that the young man's destiny is very manifest. He was evidently cut out to be an actor. So terrified was he when he "got the collar" that he gladly consented to marry the girl. Pious little Emma was in Chicago at the time but did not grace the ceremony with her presence. In fact it is generally understood that Pious Little Emma strongly advised her brother to leave his victim and his unborn child to their fate. Next time Pious Little Emma drops on her pious little knees, in *Lucia di Lammermoor* and warbles "Nearer My God to Thee!" the ecstatic spectator would do well to recall this pious little episode in the history of the Abbott family.

MRS. GUS LEVICK is suing Mr. Gus Levick for a divorce. This is the first intimation that we have ever received of the existence of any formal and ceremonious Mrs. Gus Levick. She bases her suit on the altogether incredible charge that Mr. Gus Levick treated her cruelly and inhumanly. The idea of an actor behaving cruelly and inhumanly to a woman as long as he could get his beer money out of her! Bah! The thing's absurd. Besides, everybody who knows Mr. Gus Levick knows that he is one of those exceptionally affectionate actors who are too full of love for the necessities of one woman, and are never so happy as when they are in tender relations with half a dozen at the same time. The "profession" is already agog over the latest scandal, and some of Gus Levick's dearest friends are hard at work "laying him out" over their free beers—when his back is turned.

THAT cute old Sheeney, Max Strakosch, has inherited the luck, as he did the premises, of his Hebrew predecessor, Salmi-of-Morse-with-Mount-of-Olives. "Zenobia" curled up and died almost as quickly and completely as "A Bustle Among the Petticoats." As usual, there is a pretty row over the corpse. The bereft father, Pratt, of Chicago, wants a newspaper in-

quest over the remains, and says Strakosch killed it, while Strakosch, with his hand on the spot where other men than Sheeneys carry their hearts, swears the infant was stillborn. In that case Strakosch ought to be brought up under the abortion law for forcing the premature birth of poor Pratt's dead opera. There is the invariable complaint of the chorus girls, who haven't got paid, and of the public, which feels a good deal as if it had been swindled. But that's always the case with theatrical "speculations" that don't pan out well for the "speculators." Next!

OUT in California they were very naturally astonished to see in Minnie Conway the heroine of the Tearle-Conway "romance." The critics can't see for the life of them where her beauty comes in, and one candid fellow declares she is almost as beefy and red faced and big handed and suggestive of the British barmaid as her friend Rose Caghlan. In fact, so severe was the shock that a reaction has actually set in in Tearle's favor, who, so the Californians declare, must have been out of his mind to throw away his charms on such a very plain, awkward and uninteresting young woman. We shall soon see the lady at the Union Square, and then we'll get a taste of her quality. It goes without saying, of course, that by the "professional" code Tearle will be quite justified in "shaking" her if she should fail to draw a salary and be voted common place. Then, also by "professional" rules, it will be Levy's turn once more.

MAZE EDWARDS—or Moze Edwards, as the papers have lately called him—to his indescribable disgust, is gunning for another situation. Since he has shown such a talent as a financier, why not make Maze or Moze, or whatever his name may be, the side partner of Aaron Appleton as treasurer of the Actors' Fund? Moses and Aaron would make a fine team, so far as their names are concerned, and the credentials which Moze would bring from Harry Wall would be very like those which Dan Frohman is said to have bestowed upon little Aaron. By the way, Maze is the hero of one or two very refreshing stories. Abbey bounced him because he tried to run Schoeffel out of the partnership, and Joe Brooks gave him his walking papers because he wrote, while in the employment of Brooks & Dickson, to a would-be customer of theirs, that Brooks wasn't worth his salt, and Dickson was even less valuable. Truly theatrical.

COME! come! Billy Prescott Perzel, it's all very well trying to let yourself down easy by saying that you dropped "Vera" because you had lost \$10,000 on it, and not because you had found out that it was one of the vilest pieces ever inflicted on that long-eared and long suffering Jackass, the American public. All told, the expenses of producing "Vera" didn't amount to \$5,000. So that even if it had been played to empty benches the loss would not have been a very heavy one. But everybody who has anything to do with the stage becomes in a short time a first class and utterly reckless liar. The most serious loss incurred by Marie Prescott is that of her professional reputation. The wordy rot which Wilde calls a "play" gave her no chance to act, and she has been unkindly put down by the New York newspapers as a hopeless stick. This is rough on Marie, and if she intends to keep on performing in Oscar's nightmare she will have to bring two or three more libel suits in defence of her character to pay for the luxury.

AN elderly person of mature aspect and large and varied experience has been playing in a piece called "Carrots" at the Windsor theatre. She calls herself Adah Richmond, and has the appearance and dramatic power of a kitchen mechanic. The inducements which tempted her to give up dishwashing and plain—very plain—cooking, to go upon the stage may be more easily imagined than described. When she acts the audience goes fast asleep, but when she sings it wakes up terror stricken under the impression that Gabriel is tooting the Resurrection reveille. "Carrots" is a "comedy" of the Miss order, the story of which animates McKee Rankin's '49, and is evidently another example of the success with which Joaquin Miller sells one threadbare plot to six theatrical customers. The kindest thing to say of Miss Richmond and her "comedy" is that the up town family for which she used to work would have done a humane act if they had pensioned her off in her old age, instead of letting her descend from the back kitchen to the stage.

WHAT a hollow fraud and sham this theatrical business is, and how ceaseless are the illustrations of its utter rottenness! With all his talk and bluster, Haverly would have passed in commercial circles for at least millionaire. As it was, he went to pieces because he couldn't scrape up \$13,000. The George Edgar Syndicate, starting out, makes noise enough to wake the dead. To believe the "managers" of the concern, it represented a paid up capital and an organic solvency second only to that of the Grand Central railroad. And yet, the loss in one week, of \$2,000, knocks it endways at its very first stand, and at the outset of its season. "Zenobia" is paragraped to an extent which, if used in the service, say of a patent windlass, would have made its inventor's fortune—and Zenobia, after one week fizzled out amid the imprecations of its unpaid small people. The greenhorn, who was not familiar with theatrical history, might have been pardoned for believing that "Vera" represented a pile of "backing," and had come to stay in spite of the critics. But "Vera" died of a loss of \$5,000—at the outside. What an expressive comment on the utter and hopeless mendacity of the stage as well as on the imbecile folly of the men who throw their money away upon it.

WHAT a vile lot they are when they get a chance, these actors! Poor Thomas Brougham Baker, once himself an actor, but at present an honest and respectable man, who pays his debts and tries to live like a gentleman, had a dose of his late colleagues some time ago. Tom lives in Chicago and is connected with Sheridan's headquarters in a clerical capacity. He married and established a boarding house—the latter fact being, for a time, studiously, not to say naturally, concealed from the "professional" blackguards who, in their Bedouin wanderings, fetch up in Chicago once in while, just as the smallpox or diphtheria does. But they found it out at last, and they descended upon him in all their strength. They broke his bed, they pulled his bell out, they smashed his windows, they beatouled his linen, they came home drunk night after night, they insulted his step-daughters, they seduced his servant girls, they ruined his reputation—they did everything in fact but pay for their board. From that performance they manfully restrained themselves. Poor Tom had to give up his house, and to this day curses the "profession" to which he once belonged with a ferocity to which mere words cannot do justice.

THAT cute old Sheeney, Max Strakosch, has inherited the luck, as he did the premises, of his Hebrew predecessor, Salmi-of-Morse-with-Mount-of-Olives. "Zenobia" curled up and died almost as quickly and completely as "A Bustle Among the Petticoats." As usual, there is a pretty row over the corpse. The bereft father, Pratt, of Chicago, wants a newspaper in-

HEROISM UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

What Happened to a Man Who Undertook to Save Lives at Coney Island.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The other day at Coney Island, hard by Vanderveer's bathing establishment on the new iron pier, the beach was the scene of a very extraordinary not to say inspiring, performance. Two stout, able-bodied men, attired in the conventional bathing suits of the period, had gone into the surf. The rollers were coming in vigorously. One after another they arrived fresh from the heart of the Atlantic and fell in successive peals of thunder on the shore, retiring when spent and exhausted with a long drawn groan like travel worn giants. As they reared their crests before they spilled them on the beach, they looked like walls of green crystal, and when they poured their fury on the sand the foaming wavelets ran hither and thither desperately until the feet of the spectators were suddenly caressed by their drifting lacework.

The rollers came on in serried files, like an army moving to the assault. As far seaward as the eye could reach one could perceive the watery host mustering its impatient rank and ranging them for the tremendous attack of Coney Island's perpetual siege.

Far out amid the rallying breakers stood the end of the iron pier, like a fortress built with tireless energies. High above the tossing and the tumble of the sea hundreds of eager and enthusiastic spectators looked down upon the unceasing strife. There were other human figures dotted the changeable waste of shoal water—figures that were as posts amid the clash of the waves. Perhaps five hundred bathers in all braved the onset of the rollers, and as they staggered and plunged, and often enough fell under the bolterous assault, shrill shrieks of laughter rang out above the din and rhythmic clamor of the billows.

All at once there came a sudden hush of the human voices, although the thunder of the surf never slackened for an instant. Then there rang out a cry of horror which began in a knot of bathers chin high in the breakers, ran like magic along the crowded beach, and almost instantly echoed in a tremendous shout among the beach girders of the iron pier.

It was the fearful alarm, "Men drowning!"

The sands, it seemed in an instant, were black with hurrying figures. The bathers staggered, yelling, to the shore. The pier thundered with flying footsteps and confused shouting. From all quarters came multitudes of the curious and the horrified.

All eyes were fastened hungrily on two distant shapes, no bigger than ants as they seemed, with which the remorseless breakers were playing as if they were particles of driftwood. The two shapes were in the shadow of the iron pier, at its extreme end. Faintly through the roar of the breakers came their voices, and with cruel cynicism each hurrying roller gave them a tremendous buffet as it glided to the shore. They had strayed beyond their depth, and the ocean seemed to be mad with joy at the prospect of devouring them. Each slap of the incoming sea as it spouted spray over them was as if the hungry monster were licking the morsel before swallowing it.

It looked really as if a hideous tragedy were about to be enacted in broad daylight before a horror stricken audience of thousands. Such things seldom occur in scenes so commonplace as Coney Island. High up on the iron pier were privileged spectators. Down on the beach was an immense crowd of the upaying. The music of the act was the doleful yet merciless boom of the surf. The sun lit up the shifting stage with dazzling splendor, and far out in the very jaws of the ocean were two strong men about to die publicly and horribly as men died, girt round by myriad of eager faces, in the imperial arena of Caligula.

It is not often that by taking the elevated railroad and an iron steamboat you can assist at the ignominious perishing, slow yet certain, in the blaze of daylight, of two fellow creatures.

Men who looked like strong swimmers rushed madly into the triumphant surf, as if to cheat it of its prey, and then ran back again. A lad, trembling with terror, blundered into a boat, was tossed like a cork on the breaker crests, lost his oars and added a fresh horror to the scene. A little group of women and children shrieked pitifully as each bellow poured its fury over the two helpless figures in the distance. It was easy to guess who they were. Among the bath houses of the iron pier three brawny fellows burnt brown by exposure, ran madly hither and thither, one of them fairly tangling himself up in the coils of a rope, as if he too were going to be devoured by an anaconda.

In the midst of the hurlyburly two young men, of slight but well knit figures, ran to the edge of the beach.

"What is it?" cried one of them.

"Men drowning!" came back to them the cry, which not even the surf could deaden.

The smaller of the two looked a moment at the distant figures, still valiantly holding out against the greedy and merciless onset of the ocean.

"I'll save them!" he said.

In a moment he was surrounded. Some expostulated with him and called him a madman; others, half crying, half laughing, cheered him. A brawny man, one of the keepers of the baths, was on the spot with a bathing suit. It was no time for modesty. For one moment his bare white body gleamed like that of a great fish in the sweltering, shouting, shrieking crowd. In another he was ready for his heroic combat and rushing into the water.

The scene that immediately followed was an astonishing one. Hundreds of voices hoarsely denounced him for his foolhardiness. In the mad exasperation produced by his audacity the crowd suddenly wheeled against him almost to a man. Frantic shouts came from the pier, actually cursing him. In their extraordinary fury, believing that he was going to his death, they hurled at him every missile which they could lay their hands on and every epithet which came upon their lips. It was a moment of astounding frenzy and excitement—the very opposite of such a scene as fancy would conjure up under the circumstances. Had he been some miscreant preparing to commit a capital crime the frantic anger of the mob could not have been more vigorously expressed.

Deaf to the wonderful yell of rage and reviling, and careless of the stones and bottles and spittoons that rained about his head, the young man dashed into the surf. As he did so his eager eyes, catching glimpses over the wave crests of the two drowning figures far out at sea, a policeman rushed after him and seized him by the collar.

"Come back, damn you!" screamed the officer, and the mob shouted a tremendous curse as its amen. The struggle of the hero and the policeman was a short

one. It ended in his bathing suit being split to his waist. Then another extraordinary incident of this extraordinary drama followed. An elderly lady, richly dressed, with a rapidity to which nothing in the way of pen and ink can do justice, drew her lace out of her shoe, rushed knee deep into the surf, fastened the swimmer's garment securely, and bade him "God speed."

In another instant his head looked like a black dot in the green and crystalline confusion of the sea. Stoutly and bravely his unseen limbs propelled him to his destination. As each roller overwhelmed him, and as his little white body slid down the incline of a receding wave, the roar of the multitude was louder than the roar of the Atlantic.

It was the hoarse and frantic sound which follows a flying horse to the judge's stand on a crowded race track.

But, wonderful still, it was not a roar of applause and encouragement—but a tremendous expression of anger and resentment.

All at once the pier fairly reeled with the shout of those who watched the battle from it and the beach, hardly knowing why, echoed the shout with the yell of man eating wild beasts.

The swimmer had reached the struggling figures. His right arm was round one of them, and driven by his tireless legs slowly but surely the rescued and the resuer were on their way back. The waves at this point seemed to be full of that remorse which makes them cast upon the shore the bodies of those whom they lately drowned. Each roller passed the gallant swimmer and his burden to the next, as if they were chivalrous soldiers in a true respecting a valiant enemy.

Little did the howling and half crazed spectators realize that while the strong swimmer forced his passage home the man he carried, half conscious only and mad with fear, had the right hand of his rescuer in his mouth, biting it and chewing it over and over again with the fury of a terror stricken dog.

"Damn him!" came one terrific voice, "Let him drown!"

And like the hurricane yell that used to give the martyrs to the lions came the echo from a thousand throats, "Yes! Damn him! Let him drown!"

It seemed an age before the two were safe on land, the one exhausted, fearfully and utterly spent, the other with heaving breast, bruised body and bleeding hand.

Once ashore the crowd swallowed up the rescued man, but in another instant the swimmer had slipped through it and, carrying a rope, was again silently driving his way through the astonished breakers in the direction of the second imperilled human being, still stoutly clinging to the columns of the pier.

Gradually the frenzy of the multitude changed from anger to astonishment, and then to wild delight. The whole island rang with its plaudits as the two, this time much more slowly, came to shore, and when the hero of the extraordinary drama ended it by restoring his oars to the bewildered boy in the boat, and then rode in upon the beach on the back of a majestic breaker, clutching its rearing crest as if it were the mane of a charging troop horse, a hundred hands seized him, and in an instant he was borne in triumph over the heads of the crowd to receive the heartfelt gratitude of the men he had delivered.

They were Detective Charles Chambers and a friend, named Gardner, both of Brooklyn, and the hero was H. J. Connally, of Boston, who conducts the news stand in the Adams House of that city.

Mr. Connally is a small but well built, and educated gentleman, with something of a resemblance to Mark Twain. His hair and mustache are dark red, his eyes are deep set, and the expression of his face singularly firm and resolute. He speaks with great deliberation, and bears himself with a coolness and indifference rarely met with in professional heroes.

He says that he will swim against any man in the world in a rough sea, but adds:

"The more I swim—and I have been a swimmer from boyhood—the more I fear the one thing which has always had an unspeakable terror for me—the water."

A BALD HEADED LADY KILLER.

The blue blooded people of Painesville, Ohio, are greatly excited and "broke up" over a precious scandal. For years there has been a very wealthy and bald headed beau in Painesville, who has mingled indiscriminately with the female portion of the community. No door was closed against him, and he ruled the roost with a despotic sway known only to lady killers and kings of empires. Although he has seen nearly fifty years come and go, he retained his pristine vigor, spurned old women, and spent his time in the society of girls young enough to be his granddaughters. There is a female seminary at Painesville, which the bald headed man roamed through much after the fashion of the bull in the china shop. Recently he became engaged to a Cleveland heiress, and was soon to lead her to the altar.

One Saturday afternoon



THE DEAD BURGLAR,

SHOT AT BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

belabored the astonished damsel. Mr. Baldwin has to stay at home now in the evenings or take his wife out with him.

A Dangerous Trio.

Sheriff Joe D. Foute, of Loudon, Tennessee, has made himself famous down South by capturing the three notorious burglars who, on the night of Oct. 29, 1882, blew open three safes at that place and decamped with the contents consisting of many thousands of dollars in currency and stock. The names of the criminals are William West, Bill Holman alias William Connell, and Frank B. Morri-



CAROLINE B. FURLONGH,

THE ALLEGED BROOKLYN ABORTIONIST.

line B. Furlongh, of No. 624 De Kalb avenue, a woman of doubtful antecedents, and this led to a suspicion that her death was due to malpractice. An autopsy was made which proved these suspicions to be well founded, and not alone Mrs. Furlongh but also a doctor named Doty, who had prescribed for the dead girl, and Miss Tillie Hawthorne, her intimate friend and confidante, were sent to jail. On Monday, the 27th, the police learned that the girl's seducer was Walter Bennett, son of George C. Bennett, ex-City Works Commissioner of Brooklyn, and the



GEORGE GORDON,

MURDERER OF MAJOR ASHTON, AT BRADFORD, PA.

An Interrupted Bath.

One piece of advice we have to give to married ladies whose husbands are fond of going to Coney Island and occasionally, as a peace offering, take their wives along. Always go into the water with your hubby if he wants to go, even if you dislike salt water, or you have but little confidence in your personal appearance when arrayed in the primitive costume of the surf bathers. Go in. You may thereby be saved some anxiety of mind. There are sirens in the water that may lure the most sedate husband to forget his duty to his own dear little wife. If Mrs. Baldwin had followed this advice last Sunday, a scene might have been omitted at Coney Island that has led to much scandal.

Nothing could induce her to go into the water, but she did not want to deprive her hard worked husband of taking a refreshing dip. He had been kept so busy at the office at nights for the past three weeks. At least he said so, and she believed it. The truth was, he had been dissipating by the moonlight in the surf like a sea fish. She would quietly enjoy herself upon the iron pier while he washed away the cares of a week of toil in the briny. She sat upon the pier and watched the sports of the bathers. She was much disgusted by the freedom of some of them. She rejoiced that her husband kept apart from them, and especially from some frisky damsels in stunning and scant costumes who were particularly boisterous.

Her delight was changed to horror when she heard one of the most frolicksome cry out: "Oh, there's old Baldy, let us go make him give us a dip. He's always sure for a good supper after the bath. I had a bully time with him last Wednesday." The nymphs then made a dive for the quiet citizen. So did his wife, and she arrived on the beach at the same time that one of the giddy girls had her arms around her husband's neck. The enraged wife did not stop to secure any bathing costume, but boldly waded into the water and, with her parasol,



AN INTERRUPTED BATH.

AN INDIGNANT WIFE MAKES A STRIKING PROTEST AGAINST THE FREE-AND-EASY MANNERS OF CONEY ISLAND BATHERS.

son, alias "Big Ed. Hawkins." All three have already served lengthy terms of imprisonment for burglary, and are reported to be the most scientific cracksmen below Mason and Dixon's line. They are now awaiting trial in Loudon jail.

A Victim of Malpractice.

On the 25th of August, Charity Van Guilder Lewis, a girl of twenty-seven, employed in the office of the American Bank Note Company in New York, died suddenly at the residence of Policeman Clayton, at No. 841 Monroe street, Brooklyn. Prior to her death she had been attended by a Mrs. Caro-

young man was immediately arrested. At the inquest, however, evidence was adduced of a nature to leave no doubt as to Mrs. Furlongh's sole culpability in the matter, and the other prisoners were consequently discharged. As matters stand at present, it seems to be a very cold day for Mrs. F., whom Brooklyners are accusing of being an abortionist of many years' standing. She does not deny this fact, moreover, and promises unless her friends turn up and give her a helping hand, to make some startling revelations regarding morals in high life.



WILLIAM WEST,

AUTHOR OF SEVERAL SKILFUL BURGLARIES.



BILL HOLMAN,

ONE OF THE BURGLARS CAPTURED AT LOUDON, TENN.



FRANK B. MORRISON,

ONE OF THE LOUDON SAFE BREAKERS.

Capt. John Sanders.

Capt. John Sanders, of the Twenty-third precinct, is one of the most efficient police officers of New York city, and he has also made a creditable record as a life saver, having rescued several drowning persons. The popular captain was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1841. He served four years with credit in the late war, and was appointed on the police force of this city on May 24, 1866; promoted to roundsman the next year; sergeant in 1888 and captain on March 19, 1872, and has had command of five different precincts. During the past summer he rescued seven persons from drowning. His record as a life-saver is as follows:

On July 20 Emma Terry, a 14-year-old girl, while bathing at Eighty-ninth street, East River, got beyond her depth and was sinking for the last time when Capt. Sanders jumped in and rescued her in an unconscious condition.

At the same place, on July 25, a lady and a little girl, whose names were not learned, while bathing were carried out by the tide. They were drowning when the captain saw their peril, leaped overboard and brought them both safely to the shore.

On Aug. 2 John Siebert, who could not swim was also bathing at the same place and went beyond the reach of the danger ropes. He was sinking for the third time when Capt. Sanders dove in after him. The drowning man, in his frenzy, seized his would-be savior around the body, and a desperate struggle ensued. The brave officer finally got away, and Eugene Jeroloman went to his assistance. The latter was seized by the drowning man and pulled under, but through the courageous efforts of Capt. Sanders both men were finally landed.

Capt. Sanders' latest exploit was on Aug. 6, when Peter F. Morris went to the assistance of Joseph Hollerith, who was drowning, and was himself in danger of losing his life, when Capt. Sanders rescued both men, who were in an exhausted condition from their struggle. Within a short time, therefore, Capt. Sanders has become somewhat noted as a life saver.



A CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.

A DRUGGIST IN CLEVELAND, OHIO, WHILE MIXING A PRESCRIPTION COMPOUNDS A POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE, AND NARROWLY ESCAPES DEATH.

being impressed by the determination and bulldog tenacity of the young chief, left town on a run. For his bravery he was handsomely rewarded by several prominent citizens. He had held position but a short time when he acquired the reputation of discharging his duties with strict impartiality, the rich and the poor alike being equally treated by him. Chief Morrison is 5 feet 9 inches in height and weighs 170 pounds.

Did She Mean to Blow Him Up?

"Here's a prescription to be filled," said a lady to Dr. Caldwell, the Cleveland, O., druggist, the other evening. "Can I have it filled at once?" "Certainly," said the doctor. "What is it for?" "It is for a horse," said the lady. The prescription called for nitric acid, mercury and turpentine. Dr. Caldwell looked at it a moment and, without recalling the circumstance that the ingredients formed an explosive mixture, proceeded to put up the prescription. He put the

mercury into a bottle and then poured in the turpentine. Then he poured in the nitric acid from a jar. A tremendous explosion took place, shattering the bottle to atoms and throwing the pieces of glass and burning acid into the doctor's face. The doctor was knocked down by the shock and terribly hurt. Some gentlemen came in and found him putting sweet oil on his face. It was badly burned by the acid, and his eyes were injured so that he could hardly see. He was taken home. It is a serious question whether he does not lose the sight of one, if not both of his eyes. The strange part of the occurrence is that neither the woman nor the prescription could be found after the explosion. The woman, accompanied by a man and a boy, drove hurriedly away from the store after the explosion.

A Perilous Race.

A party of sightseers had a thrilling adventure on the newly constructed Northern Pacific line

across the main range of the Rocky Mountains at Mullen Tunnel.

The part of the road referred to is known as "Overhead Line"—overhead of Mullen Tunnel and crosses the summit at an altitude of about 7,000 feet above the sea level. Being only intended for temporary use, the overhead line is very steep and crooked, and the strongest of locomotives are required for pulling the trains over the mountains. Prof. R. H. Hower, accompanied by his wife and five friends, went out to the tunnel on the construction train for the purpose of going over the overhead lines, and such trips, despite the danger, are quite popular.

About half way up the mountain the caboose occupied by the party was left standing with locked brakes on the main track. Suddenly a Swede appeared on the bank above and began shouting at them in an excited manner in his native tongue. Prof. Hower rushed out on the uphill platform and saw rounding a curve not more than 100 yards up the mountain a runaway train coming down from the summit. It was composed of a locomotive weighing 80,000 pounds and eight flat cars heavily loaded with railroad iron. It was coming like an avalanche. There was no time to get the ladies out of the caboose, and so to be struck by the runaway train could have but one result—the hurling of the caboose train, which stood at a sharp curve in the road, into the gorge below.

Prof. Hower sprang to loosen the brake, and the Swede, who had scrambled down the bank, grasped it at the same instant. The caboose then started down the mountain with frightful velocity, and the runaway train came thundering along behind with increased speed. The engineer remained at his post, clutching the lever, but reversing his engine was of no avail in checking its wild course, and only increased the danger of its flying the track, and soon the caboose was overtaken, but as it was going almost as fast as the train there were no serious consequences, and all rushed down the mountain together, and caboose, locomotive and cars all kept the track. Although the speed



EDWARD P. MORRISON,

THE PLUCKY YOUNG CHIEF OF POLICE OF SANDY HILL, N. Y.

Edward P. Morrison.

Edward P. Morrison, Chief of Police of Sandy Hill, N. Y., was born at Kingston, N. Y., December 11, 1851. At the age of 15 years he became an apprentice to a blacksmith. Learning the trade, he worked at it till last spring, when he was appointed to the position he now holds, and in which he has won for himself the honor of being one of the bravest officers in his section of the State. The occasion which gave him his present great popularity was on the 26th of July last, when a gang of roughs from a neighboring town, under the excitement incident to a hotly contested hose race, from which they were returning, attempted to "clean out" the town. The chief promptly "collared" one of the leaders, when the others tried to prevent their companion being taken. In the fracas the brave officer held his man, although he was struck several times with stones and clubs and prostrated to the ground. Regaining his feet he placed a nippers on his prisoner, and drawing a revolver kept the mob at bay. He succeeded in lodging the rough in jail, and then started for the others. But they evidently



CAPTAIN JOHN SANDERS,

CHIEF OF THE TWENTY-THIRD POLICE PRECINCT, N. Y., AND DISTINGUISHED LIFE SAVER.

attained was terrific, all reached the valley below in safety.

Whirled Around by her Hair.

Miss Duly Stormer, a young woman employed at the Trunksville, Pa., woolen mill, was standing near the main shaft recently when the machinery was started up, and her apron was caught. She succeeded in pulling it loose, but in the effort her hair, which was very long and worn in a single plait down her back, was caught by the rapidly revolving shaft. In an instant she was whirled around the shaft with terrible violence, and before the machinery could be stopped and the unfortunate girl extricated she had received fatal injuries. Her hair was partly torn from her head and her body and head terribly bruised. She also received injuries to her spine, and has since been lying in a paralyzed condition. She is about 20 years of age, of great personal beauty, and of a highly respected family. She had been employed in the factory for several years.

At Baton Rouge, La., recently, Gilbert Dubers killed his brother-in-law, who owed and could not pay him \$13.



HE OBJECTED TOO MUCH.

WHAT HAPPENED TO A JERSEY SUMMER BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER WHO DIDN'T WANT HIS GUESTS TO INDULGE IN THE FLOWING BOWL.

NEW YORK NAKED;

OR,

NOT SUCH A SUCKER AS HE LOOKED.

Being the Adventures of a Young Man
Who Did Not Get Left.

BY HIMSELF.

The Most Fascinating and Realistic Pano-
rama of Metropolitan Midnight
Life Ever Presented.

CHAPTER III.

A THEATRICAL SPECULATION.

It is, perhaps, a confession which I ought to be ashamed to make—but I am in the habit occasionally of taking a drink where actors most do congregate. Let me hasten add, in extenuation of my offence, that I only do so in the same spirit of professional curiosity which induces me to pay a visit now and then to the Golden Swan, or the Stag and Hounds, or the Beehive, or any other rendezvous of the gentlemen on whom Mulberry street bestows the vague indictment that they are "crooked."

Surely, if I may resort now and then to the society of burglars and pickpockets without being openly accused of a desire to steal, I may be seen with an actor, once in a long while, without having it alleged against me that I'm the infinite and unspeakable degradation n' perf rmling on the stage!

At all events, no matter how low I may sink in popular estimation by reason of my habit of strolling once a month into an actors' lair, I do commit that offence against good taste and common sense.

The place which I favor with my patronage (and I am a very welcome customer, because unlike most of its habitues I pay strict cash), is situated on Union Square. Its entrance is as significantly distinguished by the people who hang about it as is the office of the Commissaries of Charities and Correction on East Eleventh street. The most inexperienced observer in the world descrying that convention of bottle-nosed Bardolphins, tun-bellied Falstaffs and adventurous Launces could not fail to say to himself, "Those are actors."

I happened to drop in there the other day, and my arrival produced the usual stir. Anybody who strays at daybreak into a room which has been full all night of slumbering bluebottle flies, will realize the effect of my entrance. As I happen to enjoy the professional reputation of "putting up," as soon as I blunder into this "drum," the whole flock literally rises at me like a school of salmon trout. The inverted kegs on which they sit all day long waiting for "an angel," are instantly abandoned, and the entire platoon advances to the bar with the regularity of West Point cadets.

Perhaps one of the reasons which endear me to these people is the fact—let me confess it with mingled shame and elation—that I am regarded by them purely and simply as a "sucker." They laugh at me behind my back, not always waiting for me to get out of earshot first, and they delight in "guying" me, as their phrase goes, on the theory that because I cater to their vices and put up with their company, I must be a stupendous ass.

Very likely I am.

The other day when I entered this delectable abode of "art" and artists (half of them spend the summer vacation there, night and day), I was greeted with the usual reception. They all arose from their beer kegs and advanced with their usual precision to the bar, led by a gaudy and highly colored person (so far as his nose is concerned,) who rejoices in the name of Bender.

This Bender, I have been informed, used to be the sole proprietor and acting business manager of a learned pig and patent India-rubber mermaid. On the strength of these he was of course admitted to theatrical fellowship, and if you ask what his present cupation is, ten to one they will tell you that he is one of the smartest men in the profession." There being a dearth of popular interest in learned pigs just at present, and has the star, the India-rubber mermaid, having been worn out by much travelling, Mr. Bender has lately devoted himself strictly to drinking for a living at other people's expense—an art in which, let me add, he is certainly without a rival.

Now Mr. Bender has always been particularly affable in all his dealings and intercourse with me, so much so that I've been an educated hog with theatrical views I should certainly grant a request to him to undertake my business management. It is true that, like all the other "professional" patrons of the "drum," he looks on me as a most unmitigated ass; but he is good enough to keep his opinion to himself, whereas the rest do not hesitate to "go for" me as soon as I have paid for their drinks.

On this particular occasion Mr. Bender met me with exceptional cordiality. He said he had been looking for me everywhere, and in a hoarse but significant whisper told me that it was in my power, by taking his advice, to make within sixty days a fortune of at least \$300,000 by the judicious expenditure of \$500 cash.

Fool as I am, this is just the sort of proposition I see the sense of, and I unhesitatingly assured Mr. Bender that he could not have struck a better man. What was an investment of \$500 to me—who, between ourselves, would have found it extremely difficult to raise 500 cents.

It need not be added that, in my gratitude, I desisted from wounding Mr. Bender's feelings and dashing his hopes by making the latter admission to him.

"Have you got \$50?" inquired Mr. Bender.

"No—but I can easily get it," I replied.

So, by the way, can any man who knows how.

"Bully!" exclaimed Mr. Bender, "then I'll unfold my scheme. You have heard of Lucy Jobling, the soubrette, haven't you?"

I hadn't; but why say so?

"Well, as you know, she's as talented as she is beautiful. She has got the greatest play ever you heard of—a combination of all the strong points of 'M'Liss,' 'Article 47,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'Did You Ever Send Your Wife to Camberwell,' and the pantomime

of "Ali Baba." It is full of opportunities for scenic effect, consisting as it does of a prologue, 18 acts, 94 tableaux and a sequel. It introduces a real mud gutter, six live fleas, a genuine umbrella, a real tomato can, and the cleverest imitation of the smell of Hunter's Point ever put upon any stage. Another thing, it has the shortest cast and therefore the lightest salary list you ever heard of—22 speaking parts and only two supers."

The amazing cheapness of a play with only two supers in it caught me at once—as I am.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said I, after a pause, "my people have so little confidence in my sense that they trust me with as small an amount of money at a time as they can. But if you will take me into partnership in your scheme, why, I'll gladly draw on my brother for the money."

"Where does your brother live?"

"In Chicago."

Mr. Bender looked a trifle disconcerted.

"Is that the best you can do?"

"The best."

"Can't you make it \$1,000 just as easy as \$500?"

"Every bit."

"And what share do you expect?"

"Whatever you feel like giving me."

"A fifth?"

"I consider that generous."

"And what position would you like to occupy?"

"Treasurer."

"Treasurer?"

"Yes, I guess it'll be the easiest, won't it?"

I think I must have looked more than ever like an ass, for he said, pityingly:

"Well, I guess we can fix that."

"Before we strike a bargain," said I, with that idiotic impetuosity which is my worst characteristic, "hadn't I better meet Miss Jobling?"

"I suppose you had," was the hesitating reply. "Do you want to read the play, too?"

"Not if I can help it," I said hastily, for in one or two respects there is no denying that I am quite as level headed as the average.

"Well, let us go round and call on her," said Mr. Bender. "You'll find her a very charming woman—though you mustn't be surprised to discover that actresses in private life are nothing like what they are on the stage."

Miss Jobling lived on Ninth street, four stories high. I couldn't help thinking for a young, beautiful and popular soubrette, her tendencies were unreasonably celestial. There was a strong smell, too, which thickened on every landing, and the walls were so rich with grease that you could have scraped off a handful of putty balls all the way up.

As we painfully ascended I heard hysterical shrieks at the head of the stairs, and when Mr. Bender, with the air of one who had a right of ownership in the premises, ushered me into the front bedroom I was conscious of three fat and comparatively undressed women, who scuttled to the rear leaving a strong flavor of cigars and stale beer behind them.

"Make yourself at home," said Mr. Bender with a nervous smile, as he followed the fugitives into their asylum at the rear.

As ass as I am, I have a pretty good memory—but I can't remember ever having seen such a dirty hole as the residence of the beautiful and popular Miss Jobling. The furniture was frowsy and threadbare, the carpet as slippery as a skating rink, and the only decorations Miss Jobling's hat, Miss Jobling's dress and five photographs of Miss Jobling in all her celebrated characters.

I had learned all these details by heart when Mr. Bender entered the half darkened room with a very fat young woman about 35 years of age, who obviously wore no corsets and whose exuberant embonpoint gave her the air of a wet nurse just setting up in business. The front of her dress was imperfectly buttoned, disclosing with great liberality voluptuous glimpses of a yellow chemise, and still deeper below the surface a red flannel under vest. Her hair was rumpled, her teeth were substantial and yellow, her nails were in profound court mourning and she had no stockings on, her bare feet being encased in odd slippers.

She exhaled the combined odor of tobacco warehouse and a brewery, nor was the robust quality of her breath at all diminished by the very obvious fact that she had breakfasted on red herrings and onions.

"This," said Mr. Bender, "is Mr. Dam Fuhl, a wealthy young votary of the dramatic art, who wants to worship at your shrine."

Miss Jobling smiled with such openness and good humor that the merest tyro in anatomy would have detected the elongation of her palate.

"I'm afraid Mr. Fuhl flatters me," she said, with an arch simper.

As Mr. Fuhl had, so far, made no audible remark, it was by no means easy to see where the charge of flattery came in.

Then she went on:

"You have heard of my intention to star?"

"Indeed I have."

"And Mr. Bender has explained to you what a sure thing we've got in the piece?"

"Indeed he has."

"...but he has told you that while our expenses will only be \$8.37 per night our guaranteed share each evening will be \$4,127 for every performance for a season of forty weeks?"

"Mr. Bender has not imparted that very agreeable piece of information to me, but I am equally astonished and delighted to hear it."

A curious expression came into Miss Jobling's eye, on observing which Mr. Bender slipped out of the room. It was an expression of languorous desire such as spreads over the expansive countenance of the female hippopotamus when she hears her mate grunting in the jungle. Idiot as I am, I had sense enough to be alarmed by it, nor was my concern diminished in any degree by the fact that she unconsciously undid two more buttons in the front of her dress, and regaled me with a larger patch of her dazzling chemise and a more intoxicating display of her red flannel under vest.

"So you are going in with us?" she observed, with a smile of surpassing witchery.

"It rather depends how far you go in," I replied. "I am such an ass at times."

"We wouldn't take everybody in, you know," she went on, with such an expression on her face—magnified twenty times—as Circe put on when she went for wandering Ulysses.

"I am very grateful for being taken in, really," said I.

"It will be so delightful to have you with us—particularly in charge of the business."

At this point there "happened" into the room—it isn't good English, but it's a wonderfully expressive word—a short fat man with a red face and a dirty col-

lar, who looked like a car driver going to a wake; a thin, furtive eyed man with a red nose, sleek black hair, bad teeth and a ragged mustache, who looked like a pickpocket in hard luck; an old man with venerable gray hairs, a pimply nose and a powerful smell of rum about him, who looked like a tramp just thrown off a freight car; a pert young lad with a squat and Hebrew features, who looked like a successful sneak thief; a skinny young woman with bleached hair and a crumpled dress, who looked like a Chatham street beer jerker taking a holiday, and two fat and frowsy females who looked so extremely like my friend Miss Jobling that the whole three of them might have been cast in one mold.

This formidable invasion was led by my friend, Mr. Bender, and dense as my stupidity is usually thought to be, I was not slow in identifying them as the company of "artists" engaged to support Miss Jobling in her stellar pretensions.

It boots not to tell the festivities which followed my introduction to my new associates. The "growler" was "worked" with a vigor and frequency that completely exhausted the financial resources of the crowd in half an hour. Then I came to the rescue, and with an expenditure of a dollar and a quarter had the satisfaction of filling the artists to the brim. Miss Jobling's dress burst wide open under the pressure, and disclosed a yard of yellow chemise and at least two hands' breadths of red flannel under vest. Mr. Bender fairly spouted beer as he blessed me for the draft which I then and there filled up. The gentleman who looked like a pickpocket, but was alleged to be the "leading man," tried to sing, with such ill success, that the man overhead pounded with a broom handle. The pert young Jew dragged the lady, who looked like a Chatham street beer jerker, into his lap and publicly exchanged caresses with her. The two fat and frowsy family portraits of Miss Jobling made a desperate assault in combination on the gentleman who looked like a cardriver, but who passed for a comedian, while the old man who looked like a tramp, got so helplessly drunk that he went to sleep half on and half under the lounge.

I left this exhilarating little party with the understanding that I should "stand up" the printer with what in theatrical circles is called "a stiff," great dependence being placed upon the openness of my countenance and the simplicity of my manner. On the following night I was to attend the first appearance of the Jobling Pan-Planetary combination at Dover, N. J., and sell the tickets. I hastily acceded to these terms and took my leave, being accompanied as far as the door by the car driving comedian, who affably borrowed a dollar of me as he bade me good evening.

Now although, so far as theatrical affairs are concerned, I am beyond dispute an absolute idiot, I do occasionally enjoy a lucid interval in respect to other things. So first telegraphing my brother in Chicago to refuse payment of the draft on the ground that it had been obtained under false pretences, I took an early train to Dover, where I found the "show" advertised with great liberality. Hunting up the proprietor of the hall I introduced myself as treasurer and borrowed \$58 of him, on the ground that I was short and needed the money for extra advertising, giving him my due bill for the amount, to be presented on settling up.

The alacrity with which I turned over to Mr. Bender the night's receipts when he came after them at the end of the first act was remarkable. The audience was tearing up the benches in its rage as I slipped out, and though Mr. Bender's attempt to follow me to the railroad depot with all the money taken at the doors was very gallant, it was unhappily frustrated by the hall proprietor who knocked him down and what with my due bill and other charges forced him to disgorge the entire sum, upon which, I am told, the company rallied round their manager to a man and beat him to a jelly.

I made the following balance sheet of my losses and winnings and think that, after all, I wasn't quite the "sucker" my professional friends took me to be.

EXPENDITURES.	RECEIPTS.
Beer.....\$1.25	Advance by hall proprietor.....\$58.00
Loan to Comedian.....1.00	
Railroad Fares.....1.50	
Sundries.....1.75	
Total.....\$5.50	Total.....\$58.00
	Net profit.....\$52.50

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROBERT WRIGHT.

[With Portrait.]

Robert Wright, Michigan's champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, and well known athlete, and favorite pupil of Col. J. H. McLaughlin, was born of English parents at Paris, Ontario, Feb. 12, 1851. He is therefore in his 32d year. He is 5 ft 6 in high, and his wrestling weight 152 lbs. He showed a love for athletic sports at a very early age, but did not blossom into a professional wrestler until 1879, when he defeated Andre Christol at Greco-Roman. The match took place at the Detroit Opera House, Detroit, Mich., before a large audience. In 1880, he was backed by Col. J. H. McLaughlin to wrestle John McMahon collar-and-elbow, at Detroit. The latter secured a victory over Mr. Wright after a terrible struggle lasting two hours. In 1881 he defeated William Johnson, of New York, at collar-and-elbow, at the Detroit Opera House. Since that time he has defeated all of the best wrestlers in Michigan and Ohio at collar-and-elbow, catch-as-catch-can and Greco-Roman. During the past four years Mr. Wright has been proprietor of a gymnasium at Detroit in which he has taught wrestling and boxing. He will be present at the coming tournament at St. Louis, where he hopes to meet all of the best wrestlers.

HOW THEY FIXED HIM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a landlord over at Paterson, N. J., who objects to his summer boarders drinking alcoholic or vinous beverages, and otherwise enjoying themselves spirituously. A young couple from New York who were of a festive turn were particularly annoyed by his superlative morality. They defied it by drinking whatever they wanted whenever they wanted, till he threatened to discharge them from his bed and board. Then they resolved to signalize their departure. He is in the habit of sleeping in a hammock in the garden of an afternoon, and they tied him in there and ate a champagne lunch under his disgusted eyes. They found a new boarding house next day, but say they are satisfied because they got even with the old man.

A WESTERN ROMANCE.

The Adventures of a Pet Son—Love, Drink and the Gallows.

In one of the many pleasant valleys of California, not a hundred miles from San Francisco, there resided a happy and contented family of three persons named Wood, which consisted of a father, mother and only son George. The latter was reared in comfort, amounting almost to luxury. Every desire of the boy

A WOMAN'S WOE.

A Beautiful Girl's Unfortunate Career in the Matrimonial Arena.

Her Sad Experience with Two Husbands—Her Child Kidnapped for Money.

Married at sixteen and again at twenty; brutally beaten by her first husband, defrauded by her second; legally divorced from the one, separated from the other; her child kidnapped while attending her mother's funeral, and recently recovered by her with the assistance of a venturesome admirer—the story of Mrs. Fannie Palmerton abounds with so much romantic incident that one would expect to find it rather in the pages of Gaborian or Hartman than in the columns of the daily press. The heroine is a tall, voluptuous, yet graceful woman, with dark complexion, flashing black eyes which indicate latent passion and stubborn will, regular features of the Southern type, a small foot, white hands, a winsome smile and rippling laugh—a woman who might be dangerous if she chose, and who cannot but attract more than common attention. About two months ago the residents of Indiana avenue, near Cottage Grove, Chicago, noticed that preparations were making at one of the little white cottages in the neighborhood as if about to receive occupants. A few days afterward two ladies, one past middle age and modestly attired in black, the other young, handsome, and elegantly dressed, appeared at the house, accompanied by two young men. They took possession of the premises and soon established acquaintance with some of their neighbors. The elderly lady was Mrs. Day, the young men her sons, and the younger lady Mrs. Fannie Palmerton.

When scarce 16 years of age Mrs. Palmerton was the reigning belle of Covington, Ky. Having been reared in affluence and furnished with every means of refined attainments, and being gifted with beauty of face and form, she had little difficulty in forcing to her feet a score of admirers. Among these was Edward Malone, a rising young lawyer in high favor with the matchmaking mammas of the Bluegrass region. Upon him she bestowed her hand and her fortune. The marriage for a time promised happiness to the young couple. But at length there came a change. The husband entered into politics, made the acquaintance of dissolute men, and soon forsook the company of his wife for more congenial associates. When tearfully remonstrated with he cursed his wife, then beat her and, on one occasion, crazed by drink and indifferent to pleading, he drew a knife and stabbed her. The scars from these wounds Mrs. Palmerton yet bears and, she says, has exhibited to her lady confidants. About the time of her maltreatment she gave birth to a girl baby. It seems that the presence of this child brought forth a manifestation of the father's better nature, and a less miserable life ensued. But the change, though marked, was only temporary. Despairing of ultimate happiness with Mr. Malone, the wife fled with her baby to her mother's home. Not long afterward she sued for and was granted a decree of separation and the custody of the child. Notwithstanding her bitter experience, Mrs. Malone did not long hide her charms from society. Re-entering it, this time with a halo of romance about her, the conquests of her maturity numbered more than those of her girlhood. She was wooed and won, the successful aspirant being Mr. George Palmerton, a confidential salesman for a large liquor house in Cincinnati, for the founding of which his mother had advanced the major portion of a large fortune shortly before bequeathed by her husband. This union made a new home for Mrs. Palmerton. Taking her child with her, she moved to Cincinnati. Here her second matrimonial adventure ended as disastrously to her hopes as had her first. Instead of the good humored, loving husband she had expected, she found a dissipated misanthrope whose only delights lay in carousals, in which he momentarily forgot the hollow mockeries of the world, and in expressing with forcible phrase his disbelief of the virtue of all men and all women, including his wife. The effect of this was a glamour in which others were drawn as had been his wife. One of those attracted was Mrs. Palmerston's father. Though repeatedly warned by Mrs. Palmerston that her husband was not all that he seemed, the confiding old gentleman engaged to go into business with his son-in-law. The result of the enterprise was that one day the senior member of the firm found the doors of the house closed and a perplexed porter standing near by endeavoring to scratch through his thick cranium a knowledge of Palmerston's whereabouts. The two men condoled with each other, the one in proportion to the grief occasioned by the loss of a week's salary, the other because of the disappearance of some \$3,000 in cash. The blow fell heaviest on the young wife. To add to her misery came a report that her husband had eloped with a friend, who, strange to say, possessed not one of those charms, either of birth, beauty or wealth, which a gentleman of Mr. Palmerston's decidedly superfine tastes would be supposed to favor. This episode made necessary another change in Mrs. Palmerston's abode. She again went to the house of her mother. Shortly after her arrival there her mother, whose health had been shattered by her daughter's misfortunes, took ill and died. This bereavement led to another. When Mrs. Palmerston arrived with the funeral cortège at the cemetery she left her child in a carriage. As the clay fell on the coffin she turned her tear-dimmed eyes toward her child. A shriek rang out in the solemn walks, and a woman fell unconscious on a grave. When pitying spectators revived her, she cried aloud for her child, and was told that it had disappeared. Even as she had turned toward it, it had been taken from the carriage and away from the presence of its mother and friends. The abductors she could not see, but she thought it was the child's own father. This was seven months ago. Mrs. Palmerston's friends and her father made every effort to find the child, but without avail. For a time Mrs. Palmerston resided with her father, but as everything about her called up recollections of misery she finally decided to begin life anew in a strange place.

THE IROQUOIS CLUB OF CASEVILLE.

The annual clambake of the "Iroquois club of Caseville" took place in the grove adjoining Gabe Case's celebrated hotel and roadhouse, at Morrisania, New York city, on Wednesday, the 29th inst. It was undeniably a big success. Delmonico could not have beaten

Capt. Babcock's beautifully steamed weakfish, chicken, crabs, lobsters, frogs' legs, and other succulent viands, nor could the Seventh Regiment band have coped with the juvenile music company from the Soldiers and Sailors Orphans' Asylum, who had specially been engaged for the occasion by Gabe. After the feast, which lasted an hour, and washed down by Pommery See and Piper Heidsick, President Sheppard Knapp announced that Superintendent Walling would sing the "Star Spangled Banner" with original variations. The Superintendent's delivery met all expectations and he was heartily applauded. So were also B. A. Fisher and Charley Walsh, who followed with various musical selections, including "Sweet Violets" and "My Little Dudeen." Among the distinguished guests at the bake were Sheriff Davidson, J. N. Tift, the annihilator of the spiritualistic fraud, Dr. Slade: Fred Waller, Frank Eggers, Fred Ridgeway, Police Commissioner Matthews, Deputy Marshal Jeffreys, and last, but not least, Richard K. Fox, editor and proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE. The latter's beautiful mare, "Police Gazette," was the cynosure of all eyes during the entire evening. Together with her graceful little sulky, she undoubtedly made the prettiest looking rig on the road.

A DEATH TRAP.

Explosion of the Worthless Boiler of the Steamboat Riverdale.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The steamboat Riverdale, plying between New York and Hudson River towns, blew up about three o'clock on the afternoon of Aug. 28, opposite Twelfth street North River, floated a short distance up the stream and sank. There were nearly one hundred passengers on board when the explosion occurred. Five of them were either killed by the blow-up or drowned, while nine others were seriously injured.

A large proportion of the passengers were women. There was some complaint because the steamboat did not start on time. When the boat left the pier one of the deck hands remarked to a grumbler, "You needn't fret. We will make up for lost time."

As the boat steamed up the river many of the passengers sought the upper decks, while others took seats in the ladies' saloon. The Riverdale was approaching the shore when, with a puff steam, a boom and terrible crashing, the deck and upper parts of the steamer shot skyward, as though there had been a terrible upheaval.

The Riverside's boilers had exploded. The boat careened on her side and several of the panic-stricken passengers leaped into the water for safety, others ran here and there through the clouds of escaping steam, shrieking for help, and others still stood motionless, as if paralyzed with fear. Carried forward by the force of the explosion the shattered vessel plunged through the water until it reached a point opposite West Sixteenth street, then dove bow first to the bottom of the river. Scarcely five minutes elapsed between the explosion and the sinking of the boat, but in that interval there was a scene of horror which can never be effaced from the memories of those who were saved. The testimony of eye witnesses credit Capt. Smith with having behaved manfully. He shouted to the affrighted passengers who gathered about him, as if he had the power to save, that tugs would soon be alongside to rescue them, but when the boat gave a lurch several men and women threw themselves overboard. It is believed that many of these found watery graves. In thrilling contrast to the conduct of some of the male passengers who thrust weak women aside in their efforts to reach the maledewed life preservers, was the behavior of an old gray-haired man named Voorhees. The brave old man seized a gangplank, and with almost superhuman strength dragged it to the guards of the boat, then thrust two women upon it in the hope that when the boat should go down the improvised raft might float them to safety. Three sturdy, well dressed young men took possession of the gangplank despite the old man's hot protests, and they held the plank until it was apparent that it would go down with the wreck.

A CONEY ISLAND SUICIDE.

One of the "Police Gazette" Champions to the Rescue.

Coney Island was shocked on the night of Aug. 29 by the supposed suicide of Mrs. Julia E. Hazleton, wife of Charles Hazleton, of 112 East Twenty-fourth street. Mr. Hazleton was formerly a bartender at the Ashland House, New York.

Why the lady should have committed suicide no one seems able to tell. Hazleton and his wife took lunch at Vandervee's, and then walked over to the Hotel Brighton, where for an hour or two they sat on the piazza engaged in earnest conversation. The woman seemed excited, and frequently slapped the table before her impatiently. On the other hand Hazleton appeared perfectly cool and collected, except when he rose from the table and walked some distance away.

After awhile Mrs. Hazleton sprang to her feet and walked hurriedly toward the beach. Her husband followed. When near Vandervee's Mrs. Hazleton tore a gold bracelet from her wrist and exclaimed, loud enough for strangers to hear, "I am going to drown myself!"

"Hush," said her husband, in a much lower tone, "people will hear you. There has been enough of this."

Mrs. Hazleton threw her bracelet in the sand and Hazleton picked it up. Having walked some distance on the pier, Mrs. Hazleton stopped suddenly, shoved her husband to one side, and with a piercing shriek sprang into the water. The tide was high and heavy, and the waters closed over her quickly. Hazleton stood looking at the waves like a man in a dream.

A shout went up and cries for help were heard George W. Morgan, one of the contestants in the pool tournament at Hotel Brighton for the POLICE GAZETTE medal, quickly responded.

When "Organ" reached the spot where the woman had sunk, he threw off his coat and dove into the water. A moment later he reappeared and looked about him as though he expected to see the woman on the surface.

"Go down again!" shouted a man on the pier.

"For God's sake hurry," cried another. "She'll be dead before you get her!"

Morgan took a long breath and let himself sink. There was a moment's breathless expectation, and then the gallant fellow struggled to the surface, bearing the almost lifeless form of the suicide in his arms. It required all his strength to reach the shore, but after a hard struggle he succeeded in doing so. Mrs. Hazleton was removed at once to Leland's hotel. She expired an hour later.

THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

He Observes with Pride the Progress of Religion Throughout the Country.

It is with pleasure that the Religious Editor notes the activity of the brethren in the performance of good works just now. The calorific influences of the temperature seem to have had a stimulating action on the Church, as the following record, contributed by preexisting elders, deacons and other reliable correspondents throughout the country will prove.

The Rev. William Hobbs lends sanctity to the social atmosphere of Chicago. The Rev. Hobbs is a vigorous expounder and a truly devout member of the devoutest circles of South Chicago. Like all truly good men, the Rev. Hobbs has a tender spot for the fair sex, and for some time past he has been protecting one member of it from the frigid privations of the cold world by employing her as his housekeeper. But alas for the innate ingratitude of humanity. Mrs. Oliver Thompson, as this recipient of the Rev. Hobbs' bounty is called, has brought against him certain charges of disorderly conduct of a tendency to impair her chastity, which have resulted in his being arrested and fined \$10. The Rev. Hobbs says it is all a mistake and a wicked conspiracy, and of course he must be right. He isn't what is he a minister for?

The wife of the Rev. H. M. Moyer, of Union, Pa., recently attempted suicide by stabbing herself with a pair of shears while laboring under the hallucination that her death was necessary to atone for certain wrongs personally inflicted by her upon Jesus Christ. This explanation was furnished the press by Rev. Moyer himself, but rumors were current that the woman had been driven to the deed by years of cruelty and neglect. It was also alleged that Rev. Moyer spent most of his time at the residence of Mrs. Webster, the wife of a travelling man now in Cleveland, and that for the last three years the Rev. Moyer has paid more attention to horse trading than to sinner saving. The Rev. Moyer, however, says his wife is religiously crazy and believes she ought to make an atonement, and that she tried to kill herself on that account.

As for his relations with Mrs. Webster, they are void of guile. Of course they are, brother. And he desires us to believe that he never cheated in a horse trade. Certainly. We will believe it—till we hear from the men he has traded with.

The Rev. Edwards, of North Carolina, two years ago accused the Rev. Jones of kissing girls. The Rev. Jones repelled the base allegation with scorn. The Rev. Edwards repeated it whenever he got a chance, till he met the Rev. Jones at the Bethel church, Carrboro Co., camp-meeting last week. The Rev. Jones and the Rev. Edwards were to conduct the camp meeting in partnership, but the memory of his wrongs was too much for the Christian meekness of the former gentleman. When he got through with the Rev. Edwards the latter looked as if Sullivan had been somewhere in the neighborhood, and the meeting was adjourned *sine die*.

The Protestant brethren of Lakeville, Conn., are sweetly sensitive Christians. The mere sight of a Catholic gives them a cold chill. Consequently, when the Rev. Henry Lynch planted a cross in front of his church they got ready to cut it down. At last accounts they were waiting for the Lord to send them a nice, dark night for the performance of their good work, and debating whether it wouldn't be just as well to hang the Rev. Henry Lynch, too.

The summer school of Christian Philosophers having abandoned the Universalist for the Presbyterian church, a good, old fashioned Universalist thunderbolt went for them at Richfield Springs. They managed to get out of its road, but it is to be hoped the warning will not have been in vain.

At St. Louis last week Father Antonio Angelo turned up. Three years ago Father Angelo was pastor of a small church at Mount Carmel, Ill., and at a picnic given for the benefit of his church the young men and ladies indulged in dancing. Some evil disposed people informed Bishop Baltes of the violation of the rules of his diocese, and further accused Father Angelo of indulging in the dance. The priest became a wanderer. Every small town he visited, the German Catholic priests called him a drunkard, and refused to even give him a meal. Bishop Baltes would listen to no appeal for help or reinstatement, and hunger became a much more frequent feeling than a full stomach. He then entered the Trappists' convent to do penance, and remained over a year, but still could not be reinstated. For three years he has wandered through Illinois and Missouri, living on the charity of the Christian Brothers or members of the Catholic Church. He is on his wandering still, and says he is often very hard up for a bite and a sup, particularly the sup.

The Rev. Smith is a circuit rider out West. That is when he is sober enough to ride or isn't getting married. At latest accounts he had hooked on to his seventh spouse, with more to hear from. Information of him is earnestly desired by wife number three, before she starves to death.

Considerable flutter has been caused in a Washington, D. C., church by the discovery that the pastor drank three milk punches in the course of a picnic to Alexandria, and there is a strong talk of disciplining him in spite of his statement that the quality of the Alexandria water forced him to the diabolical act. In the event of his losing his charge the Religious Editor will invite him to the post of door opener to the editorial sanctum, with unlimited liberty of the champagne cooler.

Miss Clytie Gibbons is a lady evangelist, who works the Mississippi river. She was recently discovered regenerating a male heathen from the Attakapas country in her stateroom at midnight. Miss Gibbons states that she had not been interfered with she would have made a real Christian out of him before morning. He is said to have wept bitterly when torn from the fair evangelist and relegated to the unregenerate and ribald society of the barroom.

BUTCHERED BY NEGROES.

Henry Hertel and Sarah Hertel, worthy Germans living on the Waters road, near Savannah, Ga., were found butchered in their house early Sunday morning, Aug. 26, and the indications were that the place had been robbed. There is no doubt but that the crime was committed by negroes, and three have been arrested and are in jail. One thousand dollars has been pledged as a reward for the apprehension of the murderers. Beside a row of barrels in the front of the little barroom counter lay Henry Hertel in a pool of blood and brains, with his head split open, and every-

thing about him in confusion. Rushing into the sitting room, they found Mrs. Hertel lying partly on the couch, mattress and sheets under her being saturated with blood, while her body was gashed in a shocking manner. The instrument of death was undoubtedly an axe. Mrs. Hertel was struck first upon the arm, which was nearly severed, for no one could have raised it in resistance after receiving any of the other wounds. One of these wounds indicated that she was struck full in the face, the axe sinking far into the brain and making a gash six inches long, extending from a point above the right eye through the edge of the eye, parallel with the nose, down to the lower lip. The third wound was also deep enough to reach the brain, and consisted of a cut four inches long, just above the left ear. The witnesses examined at the house throw little light on the crime, and no suspicion on any individual. The most startling statement made by any witness was that of a little colored girl, living near by, and accustomed to go on errands to the store for her mother. She said that when she was sent to the Hartel's store at a comparatively late hour Saturday night for kerosene, the store was so dimly lighted that a colored man took the can and handed it to her again through the door. If this be true, it would seem that the murderers had the remarkable temerity to install themselves as proprietors and sell the goods of the victim while he lay dead in the adjoining store. The theory about this is that the child came upon them before the search for money was completed, and they drew the kerosene and sold it to her to avoid arousing suspicion.

A BATTLE WITH A BURGLAR.

The Terrific Encounter Between Mr. Poppleton, of Birmingham, Mich., and a Housebreaker.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

Between 1 and 2 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 19, at Birmingham, Mich., Mr. R. J. Mitchell was awakened by the uneasiness of the house dog, and looking across the street saw a man in the bright moonlight, tampering with the lock on the front door of the store of Orin Poppleton, nearly opposite. After watching him several minutes she saw him go around by the south side of the store to a gate in the rear of the building and enter the yard.

She then aroused her husband, who awakened R. W. Farrand, a tenant in the house, with whom Mr. Mitchell went across the street to the residence of E. C. Poppleton, son of Orin Poppleton, just a few rods north of and in the same inclosure with the store. Young Poppleton hastily dressed and called his father-in-law, Mr. Stephen Cooper, and together they proceeded to the store, where they found an upper and lower window open.

Presuming that the burglar had made an entrance by the upper window, and then opened the lower window for an easy escape, Poppleton took his station beside the lower window, revolver in hand, and directed Mr. Cooper to go round to the front of the store by the north side and make a noise, and he would capture the man when he should come out. Upon Mr. Cooper slamming the front gate, a man's head appeared at the window, and young Poppleton cried out:

"Halt! and hold up your hands."

And he answered heard the click of a revolver, and immediately the man fired at him, and inflicted a severe scalp wound, and then jumped at him from the window sill, aiming his revolver at Poppleton, who ducked his head, and, fairly running under the burglar before he was hardly on the ground, placed his self-cooking revolver close to the man's abdomen, fired, and almost at the same time received another bullet along the top of his skull from the burglar's weapon.

At this juncture, the burglar, who was a large, powerful man, was rapidly gaining the mastery, and but for the timely arrival of Mr. Cooper it would have been far more serious for Edgar, but as he struggled desperately with his assailant, Mr. Cooper grasped the man by the throat and they fell to the ground, where the struggle continued and the man still persisting in his efforts to shoot Mr. Cooper, he was told repeatedly to give up and be quiet or they would shoot him again, and as he still continued in his frantic endeavors to kill his assailant, Mr. Poppleton watched his chance, and after a last warning fired the only remaining shot in his revolver into the struggling form of his antagonist, who then gave up and laid comparatively quiet and Poppleton coolly walked out of the yard into the street, his face and clothes literally covered with blood, and as he came from behind the shade of the store into the moonlight he was met by his wife, who had come around the store by the way of the street. Mrs. Poppleton was overcome by the sight and fainted.

Mr. Poppleton's wounds were examined and were found to consist of a long groove cut in the scalp on the left side of the head pretty well up, where the first bullet sought a lodgment, but had glanced from the skull. The other wound was on the same side of the head, but a little lower down and a little deeper. Upon examination the burglar's wounds consisted of a hole on the right side of his neck, low down, the bullet coming out on the opposite side of the neck, just under the ear; another bullet had entered his left side and came out on the right side of the abdomen, and the third one had entered a few inches below the other one and had followed a rib. He steadily refused to give any information about himself or his friends, although suffering intense agony, and died a few hours after the fight.

Detectives who afterward saw the dead man identified him as James P. Kennedy, alias Ryan, a desperate character, who, it is believed, left a wife and mother living in Detroit. Young Poppleton is the hero of the hour.

LOVE LETTERS BY PROXY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A curious feature of the Italian quarter of New York is the public letter writer in Crosby street. She is a pretty and smart Italian girl, and thanks to the educational deficiencies of her fellow countrymen, she drives a thriving trade. She has her office at her own door and her stock in trade consists of a table, a chair and the necessary writing materials. On this capital she is said to have already amassed a handsome bank account.

SUMMER'S AQUATIC PLEASURES.

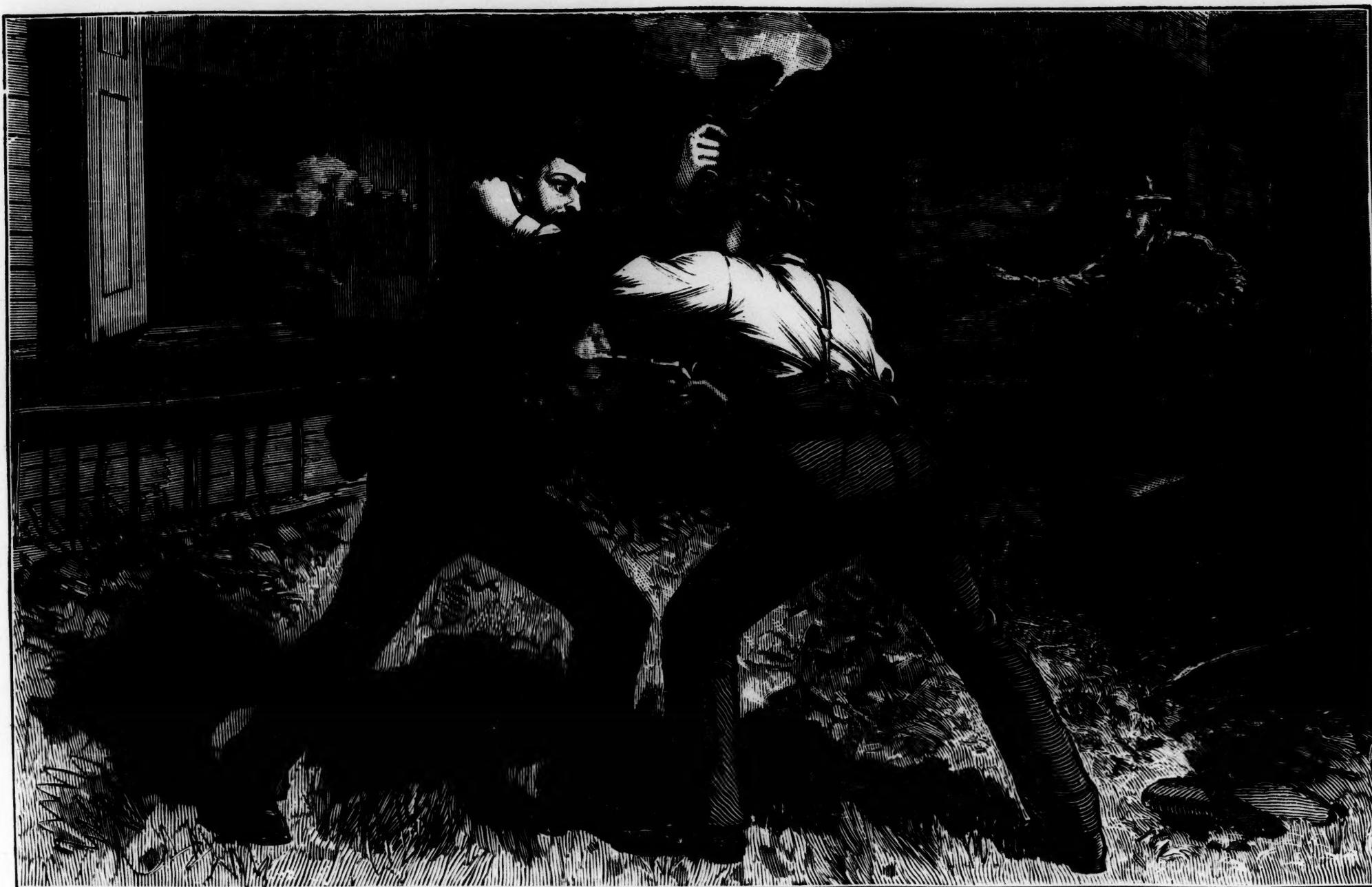
[Subject of Illustration.]

There are more ways of getting through the summer than working through it. Our picture shows some of them, and you are at liberty to take advantage of any or all of the hints.



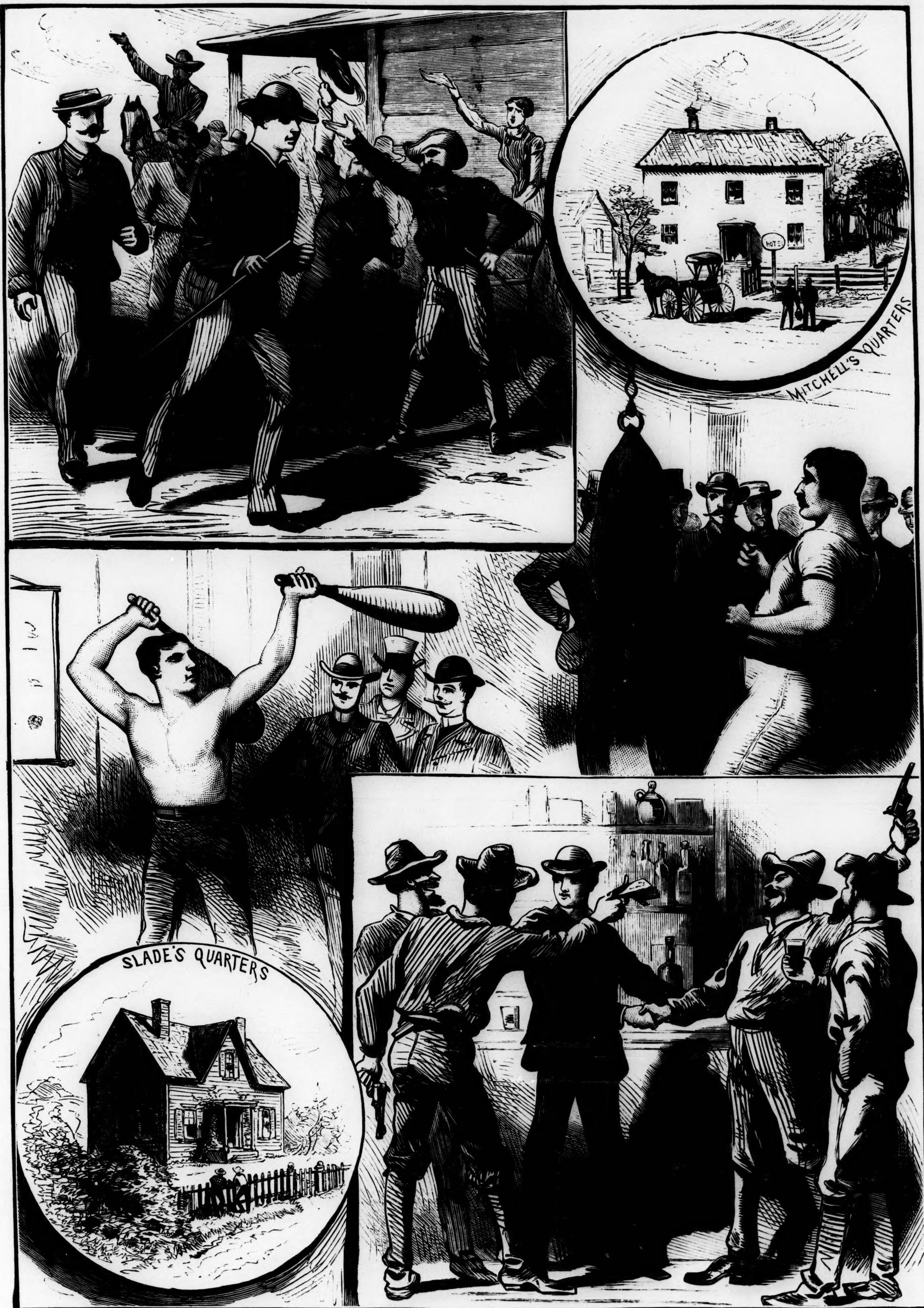
DEATH ON THE WATER.

SCENES ON BOARD THE SINKING STEAMBOAT RIVERDALE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION; HUDSON RIVER, N. Y., AUG. 27.



BATTLE WITH A BURGLAR.

MR. ORIN POPPLETON'S DEADLY ENCOUNTER WITH A DESPERATE HOUSE BREAKER, AT BIRMINGHAM, MICH.



PREPARING FOR THE BATTLE.

MITCHELL AND SLADE IN TRAINING—THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN'S PEDESTRIAN AND CLUB-SWINGING FEATS, AND THE MAORI'S LIVELY WAY OF HAMMERING AT THE SANDBAG—THE PUGILISTS' HEADQUARTERS—MITCHELL THE FAVORITE WITH THE COW BOYS.

(From Sketches by the Police Gazette's Special Artists.)

THE PRIZE RING.

Mitchell and Slade Preparing for the Battle.

The Davis-Donovan Fight—The Coming Contests Between Davis and Stoddard and Dempsey and Force.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The great prize fight between Charley Mitchell, champion pugilist of England, and Herbert A. Slade, of New Zealand, is to take place on Sept. 11, and the pugilists are to fight at catchweights for \$5,000, \$2,500 a side. Mitchell is training at the Mineral Springs, Shawnee Mission, Kansas, while Slade has removed his training quarters to Atcheson, Kansas.

In speaking of the backers of the men, it was declared by a well known sporting man that John L. Sullivan not only wanted to see Mitchell beaten, but was even backing the Maori to the extent of \$500. Sullivan and Madden had a falling out after the battle at New Orleans, and Sullivan has been a sworn enemy of Madden's ever since. Although the quarrel grew out of a trivial misunderstanding, the breach instead of being healed continued to widen, until now it is declared that Sullivan is extremely anxious to see Madden and everything he handles come to grief.

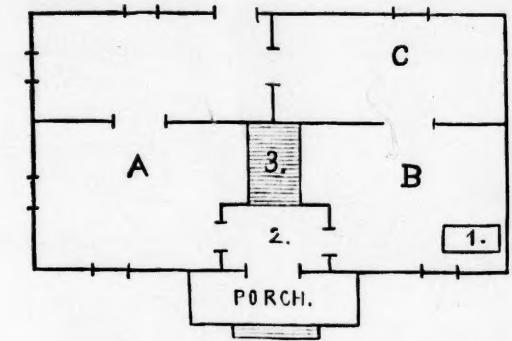
On the authority of the above quoted gentleman, it is stated that the backers of Slade are as follows:

Jem Mace, \$500; Slade, \$500; John L. Sullivan, \$500; a New York man, \$500, and two New York sports \$250 each.

As is well known, Madden and Mitchell have put up all the money which their side represents. Madden has up \$1,750, and Mitchell has up \$750, all the money he has.

That the fight will be for blood, and in the deadliest kind of earnest, no one pretends to doubt.

The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent recently called on Slade, just after he had come in from a run. Jack Brighton, Slade's trainer, who was present, said that when Slade began work his weight was 223 lbs, which he had reduced to 219, and Johnny Brighton thinks he has disposed of 4 lbs more by this time, making a total reduction of 8 lbs, and leaving his present weight at 215. He is as jolly as a schoolboy, and is the picture of perfect health and manly strength. His wind is improving under his training, and every day his muscles become more like steel.



SLADE'S HEADQUARTERS.

A—Sitting Room. B—Slade's Bedroom. C—Gymnasium and Bathroom. 1—Slade's Bed. 2—Entry. 3—Stairway.

A sitting room, bedchamber and bathroom comprised the fighter's apartments, all conveniently arranged and supplied with towels, rubbing gloves and other apparatus. He is groomed like a Derby winner, which is the best attention the physical frame can receive.

His day's work is as follows: At 5:30 he rises, and after starting the perspiration with a pair of eight-pound dumbbells, is carefully rubbed down. Then he takes a sherry and egg and walks until eight o'clock, making on an average about ten miles.

Brighton always accompanies his pet on his runs, and in fact is seldom out of his sight. After a bath and a rubdown, in which hand rubbing (in contradistinction to friction with towels or gloves) is the chief factor, he takes his breakfast. This meal consists of new laid eggs, differently cooked on different days, a bit of steak or a chop, a dry toast and tea. After breakfast he takes a little stroll, say two miles, and on his return pitches quoits, punches the sack or the ball for an hour or more, and then stretches his legs on the country lanes and highways again.

After an hour or so with the bag, ball, quoits, bells and boxing gloves, he and Brighton take another stroll, and at 1 o'clock P. M. dinner is served. This meal consists of roast beef or mutton, dry toast, a small bottle of Bass' ale and no dessert. Of course he is not permitted to eat ravenously, but he is not fed by the ounce or supplied with drink by the drop, as is often supposed.

After dinner he walks again. Pedestrian exercise forms a large part of his daily programme. This time his promenade is eight miles. It is not a dead walk, but is varied by skipping, leaping and running. His average gait is over five miles an hour. Another rubbing and then tea at 6 o'clock, and his day's work is nearly done. His evening meal is the same in character as his breakfast. Dry toast is the only sort of bread he eats, and Bass' ale and sherry, as above noted, the only strong drink. After tea the bag and ball and quoits are punished again, and shortly before 9 o'clock another promenade is indulged in. Then he has a bath and a rub, and is put to bed, to sleep soundly and sweetly until 5:30 the following morning.

In this connection it may be well to give a brief description of John Brighton. This gentleman is a thorough Englishman in every respect, and has all a Briton's love of athletic sports and the "manly art." He is a wiry man, about five feet seven or eight inches in height, and a little past middle age. Years ago he was a famous runner in England, and has all his life been engaged in training horses and men.

The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent also visited Mitchell, the plucky little Briton.

After a long drive the reporter drew up before the old time hostelry where the English champion is staying. There is an air of quiet rural grandeur about the peaceful valley suggestive of lowing herds grazing on the neighboring hills rather than of the rugged training for the prize ring.

Not quite three miles southwest of Westport, by a dirt road that winds its serpentine way first to the

right and then to the left, over hill and through valley, the visitor finally turns to the west, and down the gentle decline that leads to the valley, bordered on either side by shady trees, and draws up before an old time two-story red brick house sitting far back in the yard. A quaint, old fashioned sign, perched upon the top of a tall pole tells the stranger that he has arrived at "the Mineral Springs hotel." The house faces the north, has a porch in front, a hall dividing the two wings, and to the left as you enter, and up stairs is the apartments of Mitchell and his trainer, Billy Madden. The wide country road in front of the house is not travelled enough to disturb the quiet of the snug retreat.

Madden was found swinging in a hammock under the spreading branches of an apple tree and gave the reporter kindly greeting just as Mitchell came up and threw himself upon the grass. Mitchell was without his coat, with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, ex-

point they joined Slade. Another large delegation left on Sept. 4 and the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE accompanied them.

Since our correspondent's interview with Slade, he has left his headquarters at Independence, Mo., and gone to Atcheson, Kan., where he can train without any danger of interference by officials who are on the make. He found that he would have to put up sugar if he staid in Missouri. But his headquarters at Independence, a sketch of which we publish, will be known as the place where most of the hard work of preparation for the fight was done.

Our illustration shows how the pugilists are doing the work of preparation, and gives an indication of the excitement of the people in regard to the coming fight. The men are followed by crowds whenever they appear, and a particular feature is the interest the rough and ready cowboys and frontiersmen take in the affair, and they are willing to stake their money and their lives that there shall be a fair fight.

Both pugilists have received offers from speculators to name the fighting ground in their sections. Colorado recently offered \$500, Virginia City \$500, and a publishing company of El Paso, Mexico, also offered \$500, if the pugilists' backers would allow the fight to take place in their respective localities. All these offers have been refused. Billy Madden has chosen the battle ground, and informed us of the locale, but we are not at liberty to make the "tryings place" known. Suffice to say that Kansas City will be the starting point.

The glove fight between Mike Donovan, of New York, and Jack Davis, of Birmingham, England, at the American Institute, N. Y., August 25, attracted only about 500 sporting men owing to the fact that many supposed the show was only a "catch penny" affair. If the talent and those who refused to attend because the tariff was one dollar had known that both Donovan and the latest arrival from the land of the Rose intended slogging they would not have been kept away under any circumstances. The pugilists had entered into an agreement to box four three-minute rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, and the winner was to receive sixty per cent of the gate money, and the loser forty per cent. The pugilists, after they had completed the bargain to meet in the orthodox twenty-four foot ring both went into training. Nixey, who came from England with Davis, put the latter through a course of sprouts, while Donovan had his training looked after by a well known expert.

It was generally noised among the fancy that both men were in dead earnest, and that Donovan was going to knock Davis out; but Davis, although unknown to fame, was slightly the favorite. Donovan, it must be remembered, had fought several battles in the prize ring and with gloves in this city. He was beaten by McClellan, but afterward made McClellan lower his colors. On the other hand, Davis had never been seen to perform except with his stable companion, Nixey, so that few could judge how great a boxer he was. On Mace's opinion, however, many had backed him to "do" Donovan, but the latter had just as many admirers and backers, who were willing to lay odds that Davis would not knock their champion out.

"Mitchell is doing splendidly," said Madden, in answer to a question.

"Yes," chimed in the little Englishman. "I am in fine condition."

"Do you go through any especial form of training?" asked the reporter.

"I don't believe in heavy training," said Madden. "The exercise all depends on how a man feels. Endurance is the thing, and light work is what does it. We get up about 7 o'clock and take a little spin up the road for an appetizer two or three miles. Eat breakfast of anything he wants, mutton chops or beefsteak, with tea, or something of that sort. After a rest he takes exercise with light dumbbells, two pounds, then a fast walk of eight or ten miles, returns and is rubbed down after a shower bath of salt water.

"At dinner he eats any kind of plain food he wants, and drinks a bottle of ale. Speaking of drinking," said he, "four half pints is all any man ought to drink in a day while training. After dinner the lad takes a half mile dash, is rubbed down, exercises with the dumbbells, fights the bag or kicks the ball. But he hasn't begun on either the bag or the ball. He is in good condition and doesn't need that kind of exercise just now. Walking is the principal exercise to give a man endurance and wind."

"No. The gloves are not good before a fight. The experience in one fight is worth years of training, although I have seen men who were never in the ring make mighty hard fighters. Training all depends upon the man. You must learn his habits and then train him to suit them.

"And the walking out 'ere is 'ard,' remarked Mitchell, as he wiped off his brow. "One day it is so dusty you can't breathe, and the next day the roads are so muddy that your feet spread out so that you can't 'ardly get them together."

"How did you happen to bring Mitchell over to this country?" was asked of Madden.

"Because he was the best man in England. I offered a prize over there for the best man, and there were 32 entries, and Mitchell 'bested' them all. He has fought four times in the ring, the principal fight being with Jack Burke, whom he defeated."

"How many men have you trained for the ring?"

"About a dozen. Sullivan for his fight with Ryan was the most important. Sullivan is the best man ever turned out in America."

"You back Mitchell?" queried the reporter.

"Yes; I back him and train him. There is nobody to suit but ourselves. I put up my money to win, and don't care whether anybody else bets on him or not. The fight will be for \$2,500 a side, and that's the most money ever put up on a fight since Yankee Sullivan stood up with Tom Hyer for \$5,000 a side, except the Sullivan-Ryan fight, which was also for \$2,500 a side. I see the papers are talking about where the fight is going to take place. As I am the one who will select the ground, I want to say that it won't be selected until a day or two before the fight, and maybe not until that day. I understand that there will be several loads of excursionists from Leadville and Denver here to see the fight."

Mitchell weighs about 160 pounds with his clothes on, but expects to strip at 150 on the day of the fight. He stands 5 feet 8 inches in height, measures 40 inches around the chest; neck, 16½ inches; waist, 33; thigh, 2½; calf, 15½; biceps, 16; and forearm, 13½. He will be 22 years old in November, and is round faced and boyish in appearance, with nut brown hair, close clipped; gray eyes; and when he smiles (as he often does) large, well formed white teeth are disclosed. He is a very pleasant gentleman in conversation.

"Billy" Madden, his trainer and backer, is one of the best known athletes and pugilists in this country. He is 30 years old, about 5 feet 7 inches in height, and weighs 160 pounds. He is a very pronounced brunet, with hair of inky black, and eyes of midnight, arched with heavy brows of the same jetty hue. What he doesn't know about training is hardly worth knowing.

On August 27 Jem Mace, Jack Davis and Harry Montague left New York for Chicago and from that

will now match Davis to fight Richard K. Fox's Unknown. Donovan claims he was not half whipped, and there is not the least doubt that he will fight Davis with bare knuckles.

Donovan said in his dressing room that he felt convinced he could have won if they had let the fight go on for another round, as the big man had winded him, self and would then have been at the mercy of his superior science. Davis' friends affirmed that he was perfectly fresh when the affair was over and not at all exhausted or winded.

The preliminary arrangements for a bare glove fight between John Dempsey, of Brooklyn, and Harry Force, of New York, were made August 25. The pugilists, their backers and a large crowd of sporting men met at the POLICE GAZETTE office at 2 P. M. Capt. J. C. Daly was sponsor for Force and Tom McAlpine represented Dempsey. After some little discussion the backers of the men each posted \$25 for their favorites, selected Mr. Richard K. Fox as the final stakeholder, and agreed that he should appoint the referee. The following articles of agreement were then signed:

Articles of agreement, entered into at the POLICE GAZETTE office this 25th day of August, 1883, between John Dempsey, of Brooklyn, and Harry Force, of New York. The said John Dempsey and the said Harry Force do hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up boxing match with kid gloves, according to the Queensberry rules, by which the said John Dempsey and Harry Force hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of \$100 (\$50 a side), to take place on Monday, the 3d day of September, 1883, the man absent to forfeit the stake money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes to be borne mutually, share and share alike. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, to appoint the referee.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$25 a side is now deposited with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, who shall be final stakeholder. The remaining deposit shall be deposited as follows: final deposit, \$25, shall be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Saturday, Sept. 1, between 2 and 3 o'clock.

The said deposits must not be put up later than the hours aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amount due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down. In case of magisterial interference the referee, if appointed, or the stakeholder, if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting—if possible on the same day or in the same week. Either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money.

The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent or fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place for giving the money up.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereby attach our names.

TOM MCALPINE,
for John Dempsey.
J. C. DALY,
for Harry Force.

The backer of the winner to receive 75 per cent of gate receipts, and the loser 25 per cent.

At the glove fight between Mike Donovan and John Davis, August 25, at the American Institute, Richard K. Fox's representative handed Harry Hill a check for \$250, and authorized that gentleman to announce that he would match the POLICE GAZETTE's Unknown to fight the winner, either with or without gloves, for \$500 or \$6,000. Jem Mace announced that he would accept the challenge, and it was agreed that a meeting should be held at Harry Hill's theatre, at 12 o'clock on the 27th inst., to arrange a match. Richard K. Fox delegated Wm. E. Harding to arrange the match, and the latter met Davis, Mace, Lovell, his backer and trainer, at one P. M. A number of sporting men were present. Mace pulled out a check for \$2,000 and said he was ready to arrange the match according to the conditions proposed. Harding stated that Mr. Fox proposed to match an Unknown to fight Davis in five weeks. "We want to know the man's name," said Mace, "before we make a match." Harry Hill stated Richard K. Fox's check was in his hands, but it was understood that the man should be unknown. "Well, we will not make any match," said Mace, and he folded the \$2,000 check and put it in his pocket.

Harry Hill then handed Mr. Fox's check to his representative, and the sports left, disappointed that no match was arranged.

Davis was much disappointed. He said: "I would like to be matched, for I am willing to fight, you know."

"Yes," said Nixey, "it is a pity he can't get on a match to fight for some money."

At this juncture Harding said:

"I do not want to go back to the POLICE GAZETTE office without a match being arranged."

"Well," said Mace, "why don't you match Hial H. Stoddard to box Davis for \$500?"

"I shall first have to consult Mr. Fox, and inside of an hour I will let you know."

A despatch was sent to Mr. Fox, asking if he would match Stoddard to box Jack Davis for \$500. A few minutes later Mr. Fox replied, stating "Yes." Mace on hearing the reply said: "That is good news." Nixey danced a breakdown, while Davis smiled as if some one had presented him with a century. Harding handed Harry Hill Mr. Fox's check for \$250. Mace put up the same amount, and then the details were arranged, the following agreement drawn up and signed:

Articles of agreement, entered into this 27th day of Aug., 1883, between John Davis, of Birmingham, Eng., and Hial H. Stoddard, of Syracuse. The said John Davis and the said Hial H. Stoddard do hereby agree to box according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules for the sum of five hundred dollars (\$500) a side. The said contest to take place between the twentieth and twenty-ninth of September, 1883, in New York city.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) a side is now posted with Harry Hill, who shall be final stakeholder and referee. The second deposit of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) a side shall be posted with Harry Hill, on Saturday, September 22, 1883, between the hours of one and two P. M. It is also agreed that the expenses shall be borne mutually, share and share alike, and that the winner shall receive sixty and the loser forty per cent of the gate receipts, and that Richard K. Fox shall have sole management of the affair. In pursuance of this agreement we hereby attach our names.

RICHARD K. FOX,
for HIAL H. STODDARD.
HARRY HILL,
W. E. HARDING,
for JOHN DAVIS.

Harry Hill now holds \$500, and there is not the least doubt but the affair will be satisfactory.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

A Glance Over the Diamond Fields of the Continent.

For a wonder the Allegheny slingers scratched a game from the St. Louis champions.

The Metropolitans have slumped and given up all hopes of winning the pennant.

When least expected the New Yorks get at and knock the life out of their opponents.

Phillips was so happy over defeating the Metropolitans that he treated the scribes to cigars.

How does it come that the Boston press never loses an opportunity of giving Providence a crack?

The Kingston trip broke the Metropolitans' pot luck, and they haven't played a penny's worth since.

With all Lane's great assistance the Chicagoans are still unable to make much headway in the race for the pennant.

The Toledos are playing in very fine form, and now lead in the race for the championship of the Northwestern league.

Mason is beginning to put his surplus money to good use, and has opened one of the finest cigar stores in Philadelphia.

Connor has been doing some pretty good slugging for the New Yorks. In the last nine games he has made twenty-four hits.

The Brooklyns are putting in big licks for the Interstate championship, and it is the general impression that they will get there.

Valt got upon his ear because he was assigned to umpire in Toledo, and resigned his official position in the Northwestern league.

Captain Bob won't shout until after he wins the championship, and we are kind of afraid that we will have to lay over a year or so for our beer.

It was something of a surprise to baseball lovers all over the country that the Baltimores got away with the Louvilles as easily as they did.

Probable Mutrie did not catch on to a quiet little snap when he sold the Newark to the Hartford people. Jim always has an eye peeled for business.

Rumors that the Metropolitan exhibition company think more of making money than they do of winning the championship, but this can't be possible.

Snows, Sharpe and Mason are scooping in the "boot" by the barrel. They caught \$11,400 in their four games of the recent series with the Cincinnati.

In the New Bedford local amateur tournament the Wamsutts club walked off with first prize, the High Schools with second, and the Hadley nine with third.

Dracon Whirr expects a watch from his Buffalo friends, and he is getting it, for they are watching him so closely that they will baffle him off the nine if he doesn't play better ball.

The Indianapolis papers call their crack club Mr. Daniel O'Leary's champions when they win; and O'Leary's young men who had not gotten over their last sprue, when they are beaten.

The Philadelphians were kind of sore over the three defeats the Athletics sustained at the hands of the Cincinnati club. This is something, however, they will get used to before the close of the season.

Four thousand highly delighted enthusiasts witnessed the finest game of baseball ever played in Baltimore, August 21, when the St. Louis club beat the Baltimores 1 to 0. The game was brilliantly contested throughout.

Gernandy has come to life again, having crawled out of his shell in time to put in an appearance with his club in Baltimore. He was an acquisition to the team, but he greatly resembled a sick cat. He has by no means fully recovered.

About the finest game of the season was the one played at Springfield, Ill., Aug. 23, between the Springfield and Indianapolis clubs, which was called at the close of the eleventh inning in account of darkness, neither club having scored.

Jones, of the Detroit, is called the "Jumping Jack" of the league. The Western papers say he can jump six feet in the air and pitch a down shot while he is tumbling a double summersault, but we are not going to believe this until we see it.

Arnold is again raising his voice, and is now offering \$500 and find financial backing to any interstate club who will go to Albany and locate for the remainder of the season. Arnold might be successful in his scheme were he a stranger, but we know Arnold of old.

Hogan, of Lonsdale, didn't prove much of a success as a ball twirler, when he tossed the sphere for the Philadelphia at the Providence batsmen, and they pounded him for 26 base hits, with a total of 37, scoring 28 runs to 0. The country ploughboy has had the heartache ever since.

Dan O'Leary, of the Indianapolis club, is very much pleased with the Stewart mansion, corner Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, and all that prevents him from taking up his residence there is the price of the property, the agent asking several dollars more than Dan is willing to pay.

Our special correspondent from Honolulu writes to the editor of the POLICE GAZETTE that he was instrumental in introducing baseball to the Sandwich Islands, and that a game was played between the Honolulu and Oceanic clubs, July 28, in which the Honolualis were the victors by a score of 14 to 13.

WHERE does Jimmy Williams get his authority for saying the Metropolitans and Athletics must play off that forfeit game? It strikes us that the secretary of the American association is taking considerable upon himself. Matters of this sort are generally settled by the judiciary committee.

The Allegheny club fined Taylor, Creamer and Mansell \$100 each and suspended them indefinitely for bending their elbows. Their services were needed pretty badly, however, and after a suspension of 24 hours they were reinstated. This is just about the style in which the Allegheny club do business.

John A. SULLIVAN, with pride, remarks that the Anthracite club was only \$1,400 in arrears two months ago, when he took hold of the management, but he neglects to say to what extent they are in arrears at present. He has moved to Atlantic City because he couldn't support his club in Pittsville.

"PARTY POLL" was a big winner at the races, so he invited the baseball editor of the POLICE GAZETTE out to dine with him. It was a good feed but the solid enjoyment was spoiled by "Fruity Poll" putting the pepper battle into the sugar bowl and spilling a cup of coffee over the editor's lavender spring bottoms.

POTTSVILLE has ceased to be a good ball town, and President Sullivan, of the Anthracites, profiting by the experience of the Merritts, of Camden, considered money better than glory, and has removed his team to Atlantic City for the remainder of the season, where they will play all their championship games scheduled for Pittsville.

A young lady baseball admirer, who visits the polo grounds, wants to know what makes Lynch give his pants a sailor twist each time just before he pitches the ball. This is a trick that Jack learned when he was in the navy, and he does it to card the boys he is putting the ball in his pocket. Jack is full of tricks.

It is any wonder that Mason opened a fine cigar store; that Simmons has his eye on buying the United States Mint, and Sharsig is preparing to accept the presidency of the Pennsylvania railroad, when the turnstile count informs us that 239,000 persons witnessed the championship games alone on the Athletic grounds this season?

The Cincinnati papers say their club "will do reasonably well if they leave New York with two games out of the four." Wonder how they feel now that their club has left New York with nothing out of the four. Four straights are good enough for the Metropolitans, and they will be satisfied with four straights from each of the Western clubs.

The Interstate association are about the biggest bunglers of any baseball association in the arena. They have shown no head, and the consequence thereof have been holding special meetings all through the season, and have been doing nothing but making changes and mixing things up until no one has the slightest idea what they are trying to get at.

The Boston Globe is now carding itself that Buffington is not trying to pitch his best because the New Yorks knocked him out of the box in a recent game. They mustn't mind that, however, because the New Yorks are liable to knock any pitcher out of the box, only they never like to do it twice in succession, for fear of hurting the pitcher's feelings.]

The Philadelphia Item says that "Ladies' Day" originated with

Charley Mason. This is not surprising, as there is not a greater ladies' man in the United States than Charley. He is extremely handsome, has winning manners, is a great society man, and a pet among all the ladies. When Charley comes about all the matrons crawl into their holes.

The Brooklyn bridge is a great convenience. Plummer went down to Fulton ferry but could not get over the river as the fare was two cents and he only had a penny, so he strolled up to the City Hall and footed it over the bridge. Plummer had been picking out the winners for him at the races.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK BY MIDNIGHT!

Metropolitan Vice Unmasked and Illustrated in all its Horribility, etc.

Now Publishing in FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Saturday.

Price 5 Cents.

Leicester, Nixey, of Liverpool, made a holy show of him, so the Leicester papers say.

SPORN, Chicago, Ill.—1. "Champions of American Prize Ring" is not out of print. Will be mailed on receipt of 33 cents. "Fistina Heroes," 2. "The Life of John Morrissey" can be mailed at any time for 30 cents.

SPORN, Philadelphia.—1. No. 2. Write to some theatrical manager. Arthur Chamber never lost a fight in this country. He beat Billy Edwards by a foul, Geo. Sedlins, John H. Clarke and Tim Collins in a glove contest.

M. H. B., Rochester, N. Y.—Ben Hogan and Tom Allen fought at Council Bluffs in the fall of 1873. Only three rounds were fought when Hogan claimed a foul, and the crowd engaged in a free fight, which ended the affair.

S. W. W., Leavenworth.—If you can run 100 yards in 10½ without training, you can cover 100 yards in 10 by practice and careful training. We have no time to answer questions by mail except those relate strictly to business regarding the paper.

H. R. H., Long Branch, N. J.—William Cummings has made the best professional record for a mile, viz.: in 16½, at Preston, England, May 14, 1881. W. G. George has the best amateur record for the same distance, viz.: in 19½ at London, England, June 3, 1882.

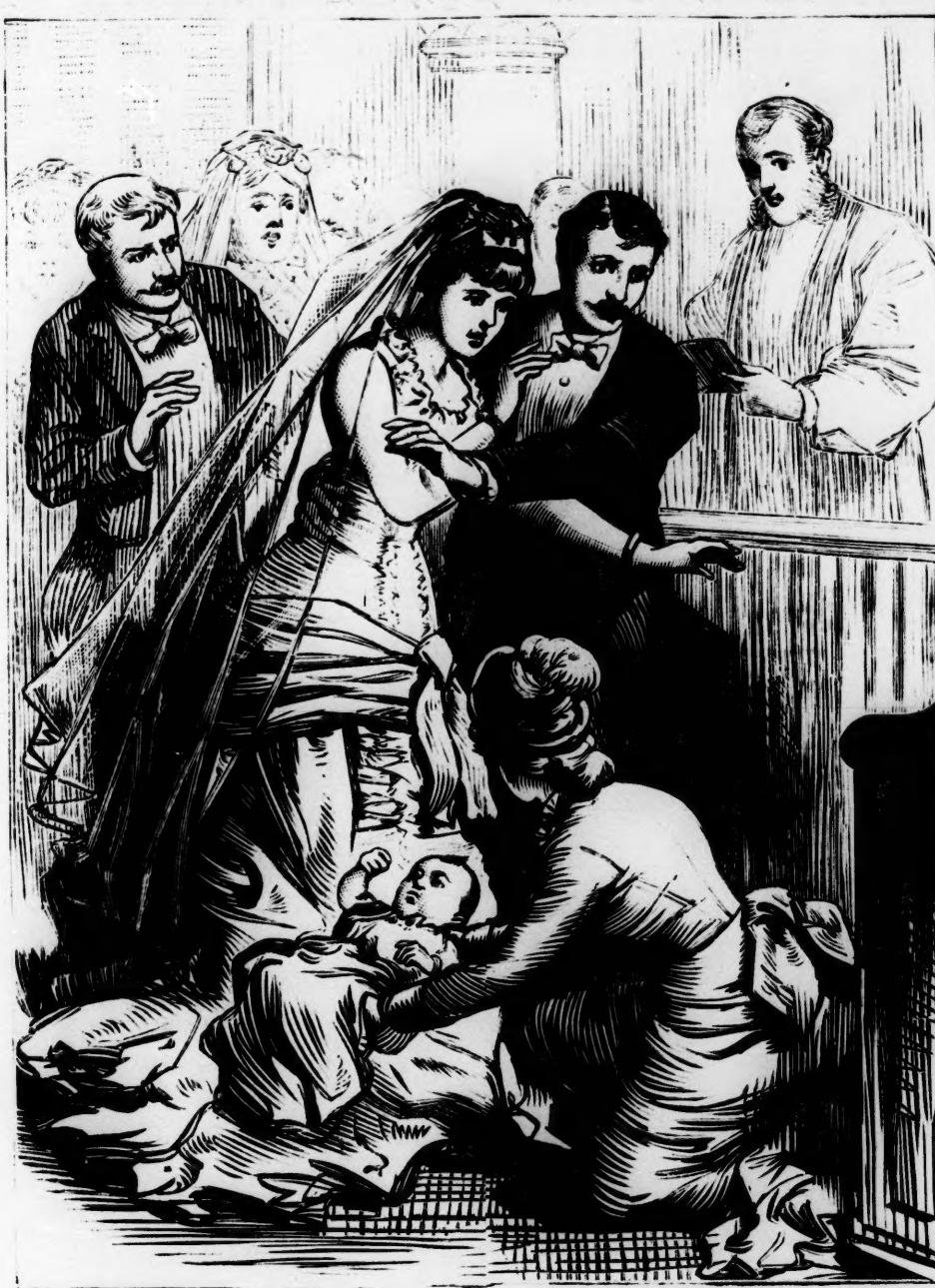
H. D. S., Bath, Pa.—A and B having run a dead heat for first prize must run off to see which is entitled to claim it. The winner of this race takes first and the loser second prize. C and D having been beaten by A and B have nothing to say to the the.

S. W., Port Royal.—Foxhall, the winner of the Grand Prix de Paris, was named after the Foxhalls, a very old Virginia family.

The Foxhalls were connected with the early turf in Virginia, and the celebrated horse Henry Touson was bred by Mr. Thomas Foxhall, originally spelled Foxall, of Sumner county, Tenn., in 1824.

S. L., Paterson, N. J.—The scores of the first six men in the fifth contest for the Astley belt in New York, from Sept. 22 to 27, 1879, were: Bowell, 524 miles, 77 yards 2 feet; S. Merritt, 506 miles, 374 yards, 1 foot; Geo. Hassel, 494 miles, 288 yards, 1 foot 11 inches; Frank Hart, 477 miles, 137 yards; Geo. Guy, 465 miles, 1,377 yards, 2 feet; Weston 449 miles, 117 yards, 1 foot.

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AN UNEXPECTED BRIDAL PRESENT.

THE EXCITEMENT CAUSED AT A SWELL WEDDING IN NEW ORLEANS BY A BETRAYED GIRL'S OFFERING TO THE BRIDE.

A Bridegroom's Baby.

Louis Hartenstein, a young society man, and the young woman whom he was about to marry were before the altar in the Holy Trinity church at New Orleans. The church was filled. While the priest was performing the ceremony a young girl with brown hair, wearing a neat calico dress and carrying an infant in her arms, came up the aisle and laid the child upon the trailing veil of the bride. A disturbance arose. Some of those who had come to be witnesses to the ceremony denounced Hartenstein. The priest escorted the couple to his residence, and the brown haired girl in calico was arrested on the charge of disturbing the peace. She was arraigned for trial a few days ago. Father Richardt, the priest, testified that on the day on which the marriage was to take place the girl called on him and told him that she was going to the church. He advised her not to take that course and she went away. Then he sent for Hartenstein and the young woman he was going to marry. Hartenstein denied the truth of the girl's charges, and the young woman said that, notwithstanding the accusation, she would marry him. After other witnesses had testified and the lawyers had made their speeches, the judge said that he would impose penalties to the full extent allowed by the law on any person who dared to disturb the peace in any church within his jurisdiction, but in this case it had not been proved that the accused had made any disturbance. The outcry had been made by the spectators, who were incensed at Hartenstein's conduct. "And," he went on, "the Court therefore discharges this poor, betrayed, deserted girl. Hattie Scott, you may go."

•••
Minnie Palmer.

This frisky little actress who is now gathering laurels in England, is one of the most thoroughly American girls on the stage. She was born in Philadelphia in 1861, her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Palmer, at that time occupying a high social position in the Quaker City. At five years of age Miss Palmer was sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville, in New York, where she remained for three years. Her first dramatic efforts were made, and creditably made, too, in amateur performances at the convent. She entered upon the stage under the tutelage of her cousin, the late Henry Palmer, and since her *début* at the Brooklyn Park theatre, at the age of fourteen, her theatrical career has been one of unvaried success.

•••
Hanging to a Balloon by Two Fingers.

On the Gironde, at Royan, France, recently there was a scene perhaps unprecedented in the annals of ballooning. M. Gratien, a well known

aeronaut, was about to make an ascent in a hot air balloon called "La Vidonvillaise." Mlle. Albertine, the heroine of several balloon ascensions, was seated in the car. M. Gratien was holding in his right hand a loose coil tied to one of the cords that seemed to attach the balloon. The balloon unexpectedly broke loose, and the cord, unrolling itself with lightning rapidity, caught in a sort of running knot around the first and second fingers of Gratien's right hand.

HEROISM UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHAT HAPPENED TO AN INTREPID SWIMMER WHO UNDERTOOK TO SAVE THE LIVES OF TWO MEN AT CONEY ISLAND.

Gratien was immediately whisked off into the air 600 metres high. In vain he tried to haul himself up on the cord and loop it over his arm. After frantic efforts he became exhausted and hung at the end of the cord suspended solely by his two fingers and suffering excruciating agony. Owing to the jerking of the balloon the cord cut like a razor through the flesh to the bone. In that situation Gratien was carried to the distance of nearly four miles at the height of 600 metres above the earth. Mlle. Albertine, overcome by the horror of the situation, fainted away, and sank helpless to the bottom of the car. As the air in the balloon became cool the balloon descended, but bumped against the earth in the midst of a dense mass of thorny shrubbery. Gratien was not only stripped of his clothes, but his skin was literally torn in strips from his body as he was dragged for nearly half a mile through the thorny brambles. Finally some peasants managed to cut the cord. Gratien appeared to be a mass of wounds and to be bleeding to death. Strange to say, he did not lose consciousness for a single instant. He suffered no internal injury, and, although his condition is critical, he probably will recover. When the rope was cut, and the balloon was freed from the weight of Gratien's body, it again rose in the air, carrying off Mlle. Albertine. By singular good fortune it soon landed in a marsh and the lady at last stood on terra firma. She was sorely distressed in mind and badly scared, but otherwise safe and sound.

•••
Murdered by his Farm Hand.

James S. Leary, who boarded with a farmer near Chestertown, Md., named E. B. Gallup, treated Mrs. Gallup disrespectfully, and when she informed her husband of his conduct the men quarrelled. After a few angry words had passed between them, Gallup walked toward the house, when Leary said to him savagely: "Arm and face me like a man when you want to talk to me." Leary had drawn his knife, and as Gallup turned to face him he plunged it in the side of his abdomen. Gallup put both hands to his stomach and cried: "My God, I am murdered!" Some men who were employed on the farm caught Gallup and started to bear him into the house, but he said: "Don't take me; it will kill my wife when she sees me." He died and Leary has been arrested and lodged in Chestertown Jail. The sentiment of the community is very much against him, and there has been talk of lynching.



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

MINNIE PALMER.

[Photo by Fulk.]

WHILE Freddie Grigg, a thirteen-year-old son of Daniel Grigg, a wealthy merchant of Greenville, Ill., was out hunting, a dog knocked his gun over. The contents were discharged into the breast of the boy, instantly killing him.

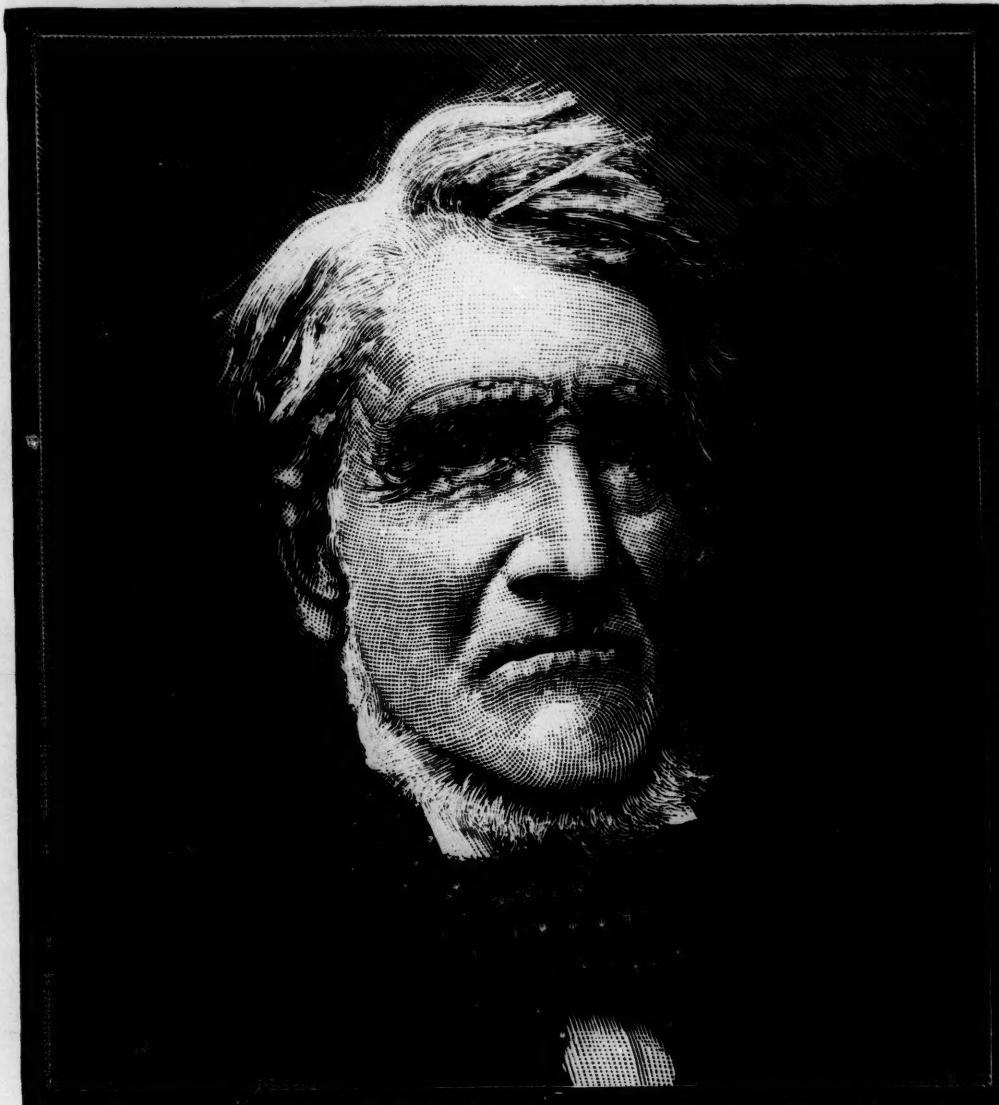
Uncle Bill Tovee.

"Old Bill Tovee," as he has been called for the last 20 years, died on Sunday morning, Aug. 26, after a long and painful illness, which, however, during his last hours abated somewhat in its rigor, and allowed him to drop off quietly, as in a sleep. He was 82 years of age, an Englishman by birth, and has been in this country for about 50 years. He engaged in several prize fights during the earlier portion of his career, and has come out of the ring victor on several occasions, both here and in England. His first fight was when he was only 17 years of age.

He was a wood sawyer at that time, and had gained some reputation as a rough and tumble fighter. His opponent was a lusty young man, named Conners. They fought in Islington Parish, London, and Tovee was the victor in 26 minutes. After a few more fights in the old country, he came to America and became an intimate of the old time sports. He entered the ring several times, and fought with John Hart, Joe Murphy, Jeremy Hart, Scotty, of Brooklyn, Awful Gardiner, and others.

During his prime days Uncle Bill managed to make a few dollars in the ring. Then he went into the hotel business, starting the Mistletoe Bough, at 317 Pearl street, New York, but Mr. Tovee was not a good manager, for the venture turned out to be a failure. Then he opened another hotel, the Bull's Head, at Staten Island, and after sinking \$20,000 there, he gave up the public house line, and found himself without a dollar. He was three times married, and all three of his wives are dead. He has children living, who have done a great deal to make the old man's life as smooth as their circumstances would permit.

Mr. Tovee had the reputation of being a good hearted, honorable old man. His word was as good as his bond. For the last few years especially he has worked very hard, alternately giving lessons, distributing bills and acting as master of ceremonies at sparring exhibitions. In this way he has managed to earn a few dollars sufficient to live upon. He used to make and sell boxing gloves, too. Harry Hill became a sort of patron of his as his years advanced, and often saw him safely out of financial difficulty. Many a time a benefit exhibition has been given at Harry's sporting house for "Uncle Bill



BILL TOVEE.

THE VETERAN PUGILIST WHO RECENTLY DIED IN BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Tovee," and Mr. Hill always saw to it that every cent of the receipts went to the old man. For many years he was in the habit of walking from his residence to the Fulton ferry, and then up town in New York on his rounds of business or pleasure. It was his boast when he was 70 years of age that he would match himself to walk with any man of 50, or box with any one of his own weight who was that age. His home was modest, but comfortable. His parlor walls were decorated with prints of a pugilistic character, and he knew all the records of the prominent fighting men in his time. He was a man who enjoyed a glass of liquor, but his oldest acquaintances never knew him to be drunk, and he was as quiet and peaceable a man as could be found. Goss, Mace, Allen, Morrissey, Heenan and others were among his intimate friends, and all of them have lent him a hand when he needed it.

His funeral, which took place from his late residence, No. 1,325 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, on Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 28, was attended by a few of his personal friends.

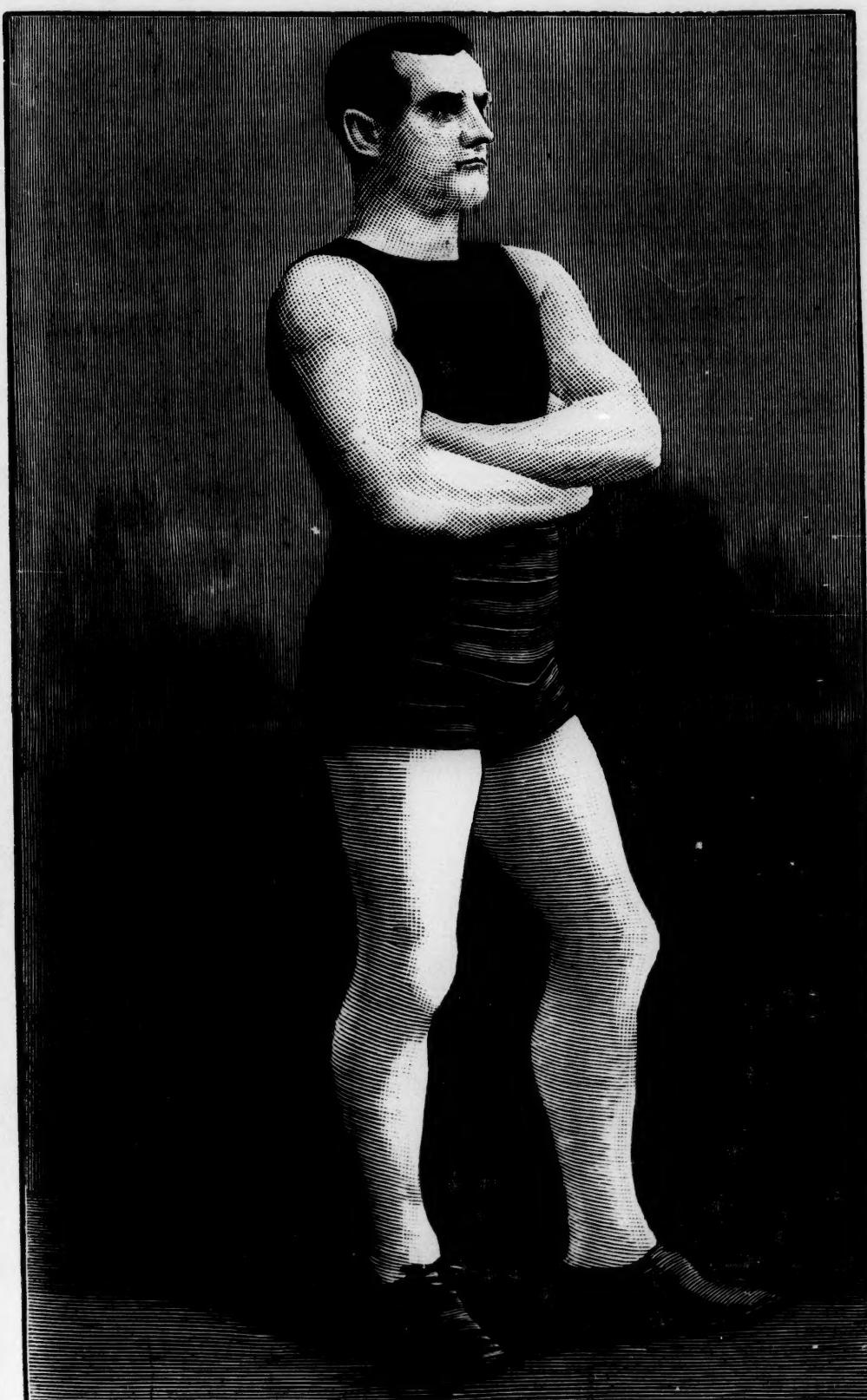
Jack Davis.

We present this week a portrait of Jack Davis, the pugilist, who lately astonished the sporting men, by the way in which he hammered Mike Donovan around the ring, at the American Institute, New York, on Aug. 25, and who is matched to fight Hial H. Stoddard.

Davis has every appearance of a No. 1 fighter. He has powerful legs and loins, deep lung space, thick neck, firmly set head—long from the ear to the point of the jaw—broad jaws, long arms, extremities rather small, and an exceedingly fine muscular development. He is 23 years old, stands 5 feet 10½ inches, and weighs 184 pounds.

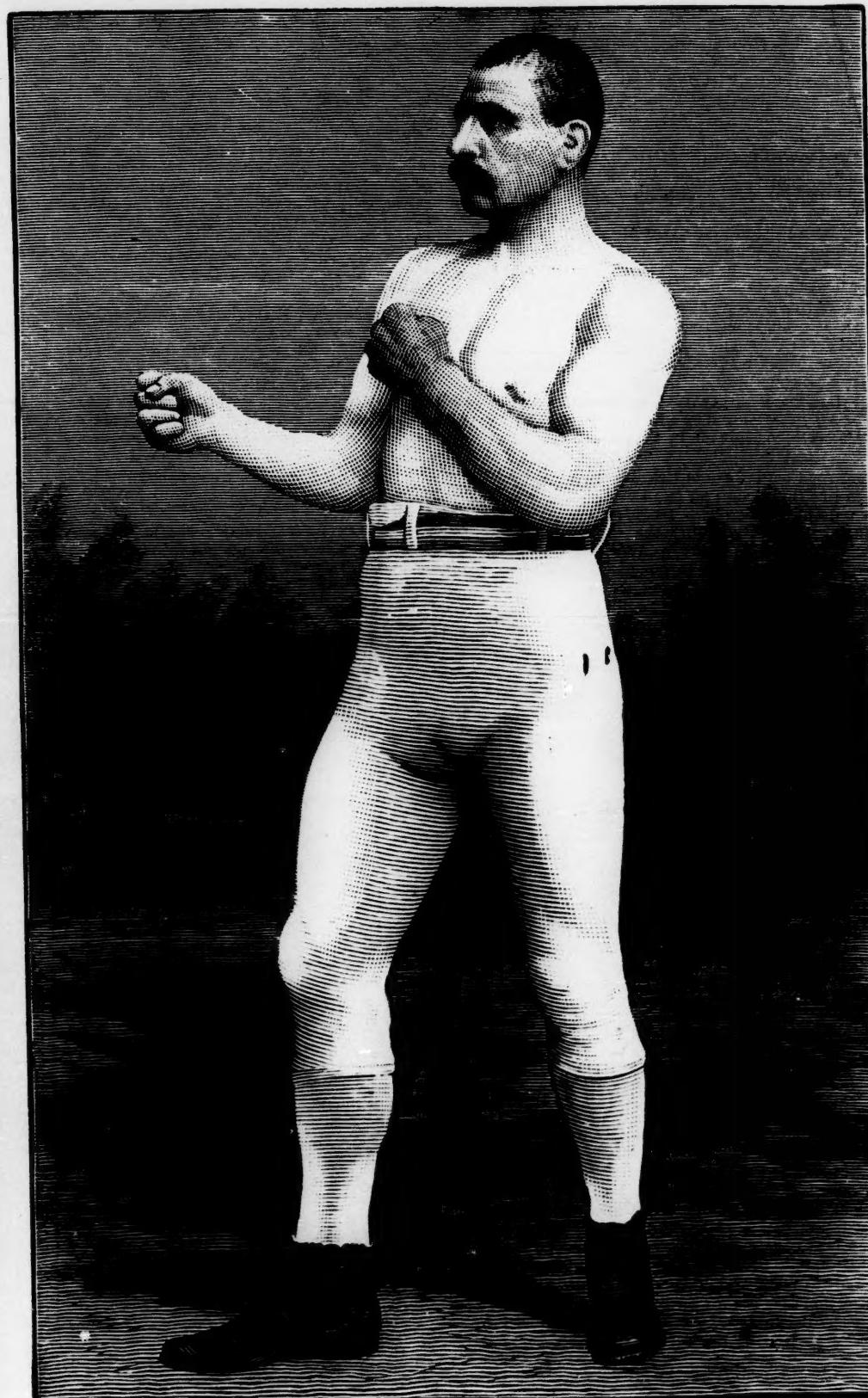
In none of many rough and tumble fights in England has he been worsted, and the only ring fight in which he was ever engaged—one with a man named Horsham, at Birmingham—he won easily.

STEPHEN ROBINSON, a negro, 17 years old, employed by a white family in Charleston, S. C., enticed a white child, 5 years old, into the garret of his master's house, and attempted to outrage her. Robinson has been arrested. Rape is a capital offence in South Carolina.



ROBERT WRIGHT.

CHAMPION COLLAR-AND-ELBOW WRESTLER, OF MICHIGAN.



JACK DAVIS.

THE ENGLISH PUGILIST, MATCHED TO FIGHT HIAL H. STODDARD.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

SPORTING NEWS.

MAKING THE ROUNDS!

THE DIVES OF NEW YORK!
A startling revelation of Gotham's *Dark Side*, now being made with pen and pencil in FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS. Out every Saturday. Price 5 cents.

THE FIGHT OFF.

The hopes of all who were looking forward to the proposed fight between Mitchell and Shadie as one of the greatest events in the history of fistiana in America, were scattered by a despatch received at the POLICE GAZETTE office on the evening of Aug. 31. It was from the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, who has been following up the movements of the pugilists, and briefly announced that the fight, which was to have taken place on Sept. 11, was off and the money withdrawn. Threatened interference by the authorities was declared to be the cause, but it remains to be seen whether there were not other reasons.

JAMES BAILEY (fifty-mile champion of England) challenges any man in the world for a fifty-mile race.

ST. JULIEN won the special purse of \$2,500 at Springfield, Mass., Aug. 30, beating Trinkett in three straight heats; fastest heat, 2:17 1/4.

V. TEED has opened the Bedford House, 228 Dekalb avenue, Brooklyn, and he intends to make it the leading sporting resort of that vicinity.

Mrs. Theresa Johnson, age 15 years, has a challenge in the London *Sporting Life* to swim any lady in the world one mile, in still water, for \$125 or \$250 a side.

GEORGE HOSMER writes that he will row any man in the world, Hanlan barreled, for \$2,000, expressing a preference to contest with Courtney or Laycock, of Australia.

J. HIBBERD and J. W. Raby are matched to walk one hour for the championship and \$250 a side. The contest will be decided at Little Bridge Grounds, England, this month.

JOE ACTON, of Pasture Park, Philadelphia, known as the "Little Demon," offers to wrestle any man in the world, catch-as-catch-can or Greco-Roman, for \$500 or \$2,500 a side.

AT Canastota Fair grounds, N. Y., on August 27, the glass ball shooting match between George C. Luther and John E. Graham was won by the latter. Each shot at 100 glass balls.

A SINGLE scull race will be rowed on the lower Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, on Sept. 15, between P. A. Holt and James Watson, for \$100 a side. The course three miles straightaway.

CHARLES ROWELL, the English long-distance pedestrian, is likely to cross the Atlantic again this fall, and he will no doubt compete for the "Police Gazette" six-day diamond belt.

GEORGE HAZAEL, of go-as-you-please fame, is in active training at Williamburg, and A. F. Smith is endeavoring to arrange for him a twenty-mile race for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 with any man in the world.

PETER PRIDDY defeated Richards in a three-mile, with a turn, single scull race at Hutton, Pa., August 25. Priddy is only 19 years of age, and yet he rowed the three miles in 21 minutes and 38 seconds.

WM. WOODSIDE has issued a challenge to J. S. Prince for a fifty-mile race, for the championship of America, backed by a deposit of \$50, for a stake of \$250 a side, to come off in October, on any fair track.

WM. ELLIOTT and James Riley were recently matched to row three miles for \$200. The race was to have been decided at Chelsea, Mass., on Aug. 25, but Riley refused to row, claiming the water was too rough.

PROFESSOR DONALDSON, the champion diver and short distance swimmer, gave a natatorial exhibition at Locust Grove Pier, Long Island, on Aug. 26. He dived from a structure erected on the pier 65 feet above the water.

AN off-hand "milk" came off on Aug. 7, about ten miles from London, Eng., between two men, one from Sheffield and the other from London. After fighting 1 hour 10 minutes, the London man was declared the winner.

HANLAN will not row in any more regattas. He will return to Toronto and attend to his business. If Courtney wants to arrange a race Hanlan will meet him. The champion expects to row a race for \$5,000, with Elias C. Laycock.

J. W. JONES, of Nashua, has challenged C. W. Regan, of St. Albans, Vt., to a wrestling match, collar-and-elbow, for from \$100 to \$500 a side, the match to take place at Manchester, N. H., during the New England Fair in that city.

MISS LAURA SAIGEMAN, writing to the London *Sporting Life*, says: "I shall be very pleased to make a match to swim Miss Johnson, or any other lady in the world, the distance mentioned, namely, one mile, for \$250 or \$500 a side." LAURA SAIGEMAN, Champion Lady Swimmer of the World.

THE four-oared race at North Andover, Mass., Aug. 23, under the auspices of the Lasters' Union of Essex county, was won by the West End crew of Boston; the Forest River crew of Salem second, and the Enterprise crew of Salem third. The prizes were \$80, \$50 and \$25.

MR. SWEENEY, the popular pugilist and proprietor of the "Police Gazette" Shades, New Haven, Conn., called on Aug. 22 to see Richard K. Fox. Sweeney is going to open another sporting house in the City of Elms, at 41 Nicoll street. He will call it the "Police Gazette" Rotunda.

AT the Point of Pines, Chelsea, Mass., on Aug. 25, the consolation race in the professional regatta had the following starters: Lee, McKay, Elliott, Plaisted, Arguey, Casey and Gaisel. The race was won by Lee, after quite a spirited contest. Time, 13m 48s. McKay second, in 13m 48s, Casey third.

THERE was an exciting game of quoits played at Westmoor, England, on August 11, between William French and Walter Burke, for \$300, distance ten yards, 51 points up. French was the favorite at 6 to 4, but by careful playing Burke won easily by 18 points. This is the first defeat French has suffered out of 19 games.

THE following were the winners of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club Regatta, held at New York on Aug. 23: Class 1—Peerless, 1h 48m 27s; class 2—Gracie, 1h 48m 25s; class 3—Musadua, 1h 48m 40s; class 4—Lizzie R., 1h 48m 30s; class 5—M. E. Constant, 1h, 55m 14s; class 6—Bon Ton, 1h 48m 52s; class 7—Foam, 2h 26m 32s.

AT San Francisco, on Aug. 22, Schaefer was defeated by Wm. Sexton playing a 300 point game balk line billiards. Score—Sexton, 300; Schaefer, 283. On Aug. 23 they played 600 points, and Schaefer won in 19 innings. Sexton scored 327 points. Schaefer's highest run was 129 and Sexton's 88. The game occupied 1h 40m.

THE fifteen-ball amateur pool tournament for the POLICE GAZETTE trophy offered for competition by Richard K. Fox began at Steenweith Bros.' billiard parlor, Brighton Beach, Coney Island, on August 27. Among the entries were Messrs. Kaufman, Perry, Waiters, Martineau, Bauer, Gus Coit, Morgan, Vanderveer and George Coit.

THE Queen City boat club, of Buffalo, will pay no attention to the challenges of Hosmer, Lee, Plaisted and Ross for a four-oared race unless a forfeit is put up, and they prefer to row for \$500 instead of \$1,000. The Queen City club is perfectly right in insisting that a forfeit be posted. They posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox when they issued the challenge.

AT Logansport, Indiana, on August 20, Moses Peak, colored, and Noah Wilson, fought for a purse. After three hotly contested rounds the pugilists scratched for the fourth round. Peak rushed at Wilson, and by a well directed blow on "Sullivan's point" knocked him out. Wilson was the colored champion of the vicinity before Peak harnessed him.

CLARENCE WHISTLER has now gone to the Pacific Slope to meet Wm. Muldoon and have a hippodrome wrestling match with him. Whistler pretends he is going to wrestle Muldoon on the level. We don't believe Muldoon will wrestle, as Whistler states, "on the level." He never yet figured in a square match. Bauer claims Muldoon "fixed" him to let him win, and we know his other matches were all "fixed."

THE following parties called on Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, during the week: Ed. Mallahan, Arthur Chambers, Philadelphia, Pa.; Warwick Edwards, Harry Montague, Mike Cleary, Jimmy Kelly, Jerry Murphy, Michael T. Fahy, Jas. Pilkington, "The Golden Oar"; Prof. Theodore Bauer, Tom McAlpine, James Quigley, Ed. McDonald, Capt. J. C. Daly, Harry Force, Casper Hauck, John Miller, George Schreiner, John McKay, Halifax; Wm. Elliott, ex-champion of England; John Priddy, Jim Smith, Harry McNeils, of Upper Leigh, P. J. Cannon, Sprint Runner, Drifton, Pa.; J. L. Kernan, Baltimore; Ed. Jones, Wm. Knott, J. W. Hargraves, Mike Donovan, Jack Stewart, Andy Hanley, Harry N. Herber, Harry Woodson, Duncan C. Ross, champion athlete; E. W. Johnson.

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THE Central Labor Union held a meeting at No. 120 East Thirteenth street, New York, on Sunday, August 26, and it was announced by Mr. Maguire that Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, had presented two handsome gold medals, valued at \$50 each, to be competed for by the members of the Union at their picnic. One of the trophies was for an hour go-as-you-please race, and the other for a one-mile race. The medals were handed round to the delegates representing the different trades unions, and all expressed satisfaction with Mr. Fox's valuable presents. Before the meeting separated the sergeant-at-arms proposed, in an appropriate speech, a vote of thanks to the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE for his kindness in presenting the Union with the costly trophies, and the motion was unanimously adopted.

THE following is every indication of an international yacht race for the Queen's Cup, won by the America, at Cowes, England, in 1851. James Coates has given up all idea of bringing over the Marjorie to race for the trophy, but John Clark, the famous English yachtsman, has decided to bring the yacht Wendor to this country, and it is possible with our first September breeze the chalk-white Wendor will slip through the Narrows, drop anchor off Bay Ridge and flaunt her racing flag in the midst of our pleasure fleet. It behooves the trustees of that antique and much coveted trophy, the America's Cup, to take timely warning and carefully scan the reports of the season's racing and cruising, so that they may be able to select a champion worthy to succeed the America, Sappho, Magic, Columbia, Madeline and Mischief, whose victories over the English yachts have placed their name on the tablet of fame in yachting circles.

THE second race for the fifty miles professional bicycle championship of England was contested on the Alveston Road Grounds in the presence of nearly 10,000 people. The directors of the Alveston Grounds, in addition to the champion silver cup, which is valued at £25, gave £5 as prize money. There were nine starters, F. De Clivry, Paris (holder); F. Wood, Leicester; R. Howell, Wolverhampton; G. W. Waller, Newcastle; P. Medinger, Paris; F. J. Lees, Sheffield; J. Mac. Birmingham; D. Stanton, London, and E. Weston, Northampton. Wood won by eight yards. The following is the time:

Leader.	Miles.	h. m. s.
Waller	0 15 12
Howell	10.	0 30 54
Waller	15.	0 47 22
Waller	20.	1 03 42
Waller	25.	1 21 15
Lees	30.	1 39 35
De Clivry	35.	1 57 54
Waller	40.	2 15 51
Lees	45.	2 33 12
Wood	50.	2 48 10

WE have received a communication from Wilkes McDermott, of Minneapolis, Minn., in which he states, if Mike Cleary, of New York, is eager to fight with the bare knuckles, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, a match can be arranged, as he is ready to back Dalton. From other sources in Minneapolis we learn that since John Donnelly, who fought Sullivan at Cincinnati, backed

and refused to fight Dalton sporting men in Minnesota think Dalton able to whip any pugilist in America but Sullivan, and they are ready to put up their money and back their opinions. There is one thing about this matter, if Donaldson's backer is eager to match the Chicago pugilist against Cleary, he should forward \$100 forfeit to the POLICE GAZETTE, with a regular challenge. This would make Cleary and his backers understand that McDermott and his protege, Dalton, mean business. Should Cleary and Donaldson arrange a match, it would create a stir in sporting circles. Dalton must have improved greatly since he appeared in this city, when he can find sporting men to match him to fight for \$1,000.

THE single scull race arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office on July 25, between Edward Jones and William Knott, for \$200, held by Richard K. Fox, was rowed at Carmansville, N. Y., on Aug. 30. The distance was three miles, with a turn. James Pilkington was timekeeper and Wm. E. Harding referee. Knott weighed 165 pounds and Jones weighed 190 pounds. The starting point was at Manhattanville and a large crowd assembled at that point to witness the race. Jones was the favorite and his admirers were confident he would win. A dispute arose before the race regarding which should be the starting point. Jones wanted to row up the river, while Knott insisted on rowing down. The referee, who selected the course when the race was arranged, settled the matter by ordering the men to row up the river. Knott won the toss for positions and selected the outside. At 4:45 the referee ordered the men in line, and after cautioning them about fouling and ordering them to turn the stakes, it from right to left, gave them the signal to

wind gave out and Burns downed him. Burns received a cut over the eye and another on the lip, while O'Connor was badly punished about the face and chest. Burns lives in the vicinity of Bridgeport, and is known as a tough character.

ADVICES from Boston state that Hosmer, Ross, Lee and Plaisted announced they will row the Queen City four of Buffalo a four-oared shell race for \$1,000 a side, the challenge to remain open to the Queen City crew three weeks from Aug. 20, and after that time to be open to any four men in the world. It is all very well for Hosmer, Ross, Lee and Plaisted to say they will row the Queen City four. That is not business. The Queen City boat club, of Buffalo, issued an official challenge, put up \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, to prove that they mean business, and the quartet that pretend they are willing to row them should first cover the money before they bluster.

DESPITE the fact that Joe Goss suffered two defeats in the ring at the hands of Jem Mace, it would not surprise us to learn that they would come together again as contestants in a twenty-four-foot ring, but this time under the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Neither Joe nor Jem are as strong or as supple as they were twenty years ago, but both are wonders for "stale" runs, and Goss was always able to hold his own with the kipsy with the mitts. It goes almost without saying that neither could knock the other out in four rounds, but if a match were made between them to be decided by "points" or by "skill and endurance," it would certainly create a stir in sporting circles.

THE following parties called on Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, during the week: Ed. Mallahan, Arthur Chambers, Philadelphia, Pa.; Warwick Edwards, Harry Montague, Mike Cleary, Jimmy Kelly, Jerry Murphy, Michael T. Fahy, Jas. Pilkington, "The Golden Oar"; Prof. Theodore Bauer, Tom McAlpine, James Quigley, Ed. McDonald, Capt. J. C. Daly, Harry Force, Casper Hauck, John Miller, George Schreiner, John McKay, Halifax; Wm. Elliott, ex-champion of England; John Priddy, Jim Smith, Harry McNeils, of Upper Leigh, P. J. Cannon, Sprint Runner, Drifton, Pa.; J. L. Kernan, Baltimore; Ed. Jones, Wm. Knott, J. W. Hargraves, Mike Donovan, Jack Stewart, Andy Hanley, Harry N. Herber, Harry Woodson, Duncan C. Ross, champion athlete; E. W. Johnson.

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THE Central Labor Union held a meeting at No. 120 East Thirteenth street, New York, on Sunday, August 26, and it was announced by Mr. Maguire that Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, had presented two handsome gold medals, valued at \$50 each, to be competed for by the members of the Union at their picnic. One of the trophies was for an hour go-as-you-please race, and the other for a one-mile race. The medals were handed round to the delegates representing the different trades unions, and all expressed satisfaction with Mr. Fox's valuable presents. Before the meeting separated the sergeant-at-arms proposed, in an appropriate speech, a vote of thanks to the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE for his kindness in presenting the Union with the costly trophies, and the motion was unanimously adopted.

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JOHN MCMAHON, the champion wrestler, is up in Vermont, and eager to arrange a wrestling match with any man in the world. On Aug. 31, he forwarded \$250 forfeit to Richard K. Fox, and left the following sweeping challenge, which will create a furor among wrestlers of the A No. 1 class:

"FARFIELD, VT., Aug. 31.

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
"Sir—I am about to retire from the wrestling arena, having held the championship at collar-and-elbow wrestling since 1870. I find there is no wrestler in the world ready to wrestle me, although I have had a forfeit posted, and have maintained a standing challenge during the past two years. It appears to me that all the wrestlers are afraid to arrange a match. H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., claims to be the champion, but he refuses to put up one dollar to wrestle for, although I have often tried to induce him to wrestle for \$250 a side or upwards. Now I have decided to give Dufur and all wrestlers a final opportunity to meet me. I will arrange a match to wrestle H. M. Dufur or any man in the world, collar-and-elbow, best two in three falls, POLICE GAZETTE rules, for from \$250 to \$1,000 a side. To prove I mean business I have deposited \$250 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, and I shall be ready to meet Dufur or any other wrestler to arrange the match; or I will wrestle Clarence Whistler, Wm. Muldoon, Joe Acton, Edwin B. bby or Duncan C. Ross, a mixed match, one fall collar-and-elbow, one fall catch-as-catch-can with jacket or American style, and one fall side-hold for \$50 a side or upwards. Now I mean business, and it is to do to cover my money and make a match. If any of the other wrestlers desire to arrange a match on

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.

AT Lowell, Mass., recently, there was a wrestling match between Edward Ferrin and a French unknown for \$50 a side. The Frenchman got two falls in about five minutes each, but the referee, Patrick Grady, announced that the Frenchman's backers had tried to bribe him; that Ferrin had given away the match, and that all bets were off. A great disturbance followed, and the city marshal, with three policemen, cleared the hall.

AN apple orchard on the outskirts of New Brunswick, N. J., was the scene, on August 26, of a brief prize fight between George White and Thomas Ackerman, two New Brunswick amateur pugilists. A party of sporting men made up a purse of \$50, to be given to the winner. Six rounds were fought, during which both men were badly pummelled, but when time was called for the seventh round White was too weak to stand, and the purse and fight was given to Ackerman. No arrests were made.

A DOG fight took place in a stable at the corner of Forty-third street and First avenue, New York city, on Aug. 26, between the white brindle dog Jock, 33 lbs, and Nip, weighing about 45 lbs. The favorite, Jock, had the best of the battle from the beginning. He seized the fore leg of his antagonist, threw him on his back and then grabbed him by the hind quarters. Nip's howls were terrible, the other dog chewing him in a shocking manner and dragging him around the pit. At this stage the door was burst open and four policemen entered with Agent Lambert, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at their head. They succeeded in arresting seven of the men, who were taken to the police station. The prisoners were locked up and the dogs were properly cared for by the society. In the Yorkville Police Court Justice Power held the prisoners in \$100 bail each for trial at the Court of Special Sessions.

THE Brooklyn club had its third race of the season on Aug. 20. The start was from Pine Grove, Pa., at 9:06 A. M., home time. The first six prizes were won by the birds of G. K. Bradshaw. The best time was 174 minutes, distance 123.3 miles; average speed, 1,247 yards per minute. Ballard's first return was two birds together, in 175 minutes; distance, 123.5 miles; speed, 1,211 yards. The next race is to be next week from Newport, Pa., 164 miles. Birds owned in Keyport and Jersey City Heights were liberated in a race for federation record for the journey in Havre de Grace, Md., at 7:06 A. M. Sunday. The first return was to the Keyport loft at 10:08 A. M., but by remaining on the roof outside until 10:21, they lowered their rate under the rules. The time of entering the loft gave them 195 minutes out of the basket, and for the 117 miles of the air-line course they made the average speed 1,056 yards per minute. All of the Keyport birds entered were home before 11 o'clock. The Jersey City Heights birds entered their loft unnoticed. They were not home at 10:50 A. M., but ten minutes later they were found in, and had partaken of the refreshments usual after such a journey, showing them to have been there several minutes. Taking time as 10:55, the distance being 137 miles, the average speed is 1,003 yards per minute. The next journey is to be next week from Washington, D. C.

AT the Monmouth Park Racing Association races at Long Branch on Aug. 25, the Monmouth Stakes for three year-olds and upwards of \$500 each with \$5,000 added, the second to receive \$1,000 out of the stakes, one mile and a half, was won by Dwyer Bros' George Kinney, by a short length; Eole second, half a neck ahead of Iroquois. Monitor and Miss Woodford also ran. Time, 2:38. After the race Pierre Lorillard offered to bet the Dwyers \$5,000 that Iroquois would beat their crack in the next race, but the offer was not accepted. On August 28 a similar race was run in which the same horses were to compete. The race was a renewal of the Monmouth Stakes for three-year-olds and upwards, at \$500 each, half forfeit, with \$2,500 added, of which \$1,000 to the second; five entries; mile and a half. The race was looked forward to with eager interest owing to the fact that Iroquois, George Kinney and Eole were again to meet under the same conditions as in the contest George Kinney won on Aug. 25, in the matter of weight, viz., that Iroquois and Eole each carried 127 pounds; Monitor 125 pounds; George Kinney, 112 pounds, and Drake Carter (a gelding), 109 pounds. Pools sold: P. Lorillard's pair, \$500; George Kinney, \$300; Eole, \$180; Monitor, \$70. The majority present were confident that Iroquois, the English Derby winner would capture the rich prize as he had Drake Carter in to assist him, while George Kinney, who in the previous race had Miss Woodford to assist to make the running, had to go it alone. The race was a grand one and Eole won comparatively easy by a length and a half, with George Kinney second, the same distance in front of Monitor, who was two lengths in front of Drake Carter, with Iroquois several lengths further back. Time, 2:36 1/2.

CRISP GREENBACKS.

THE PACKAGE "LUCKY JACK" RECEIVED BY EX-PRESSE ONE MAN FORTUNE DOES NOT MAKE A FOOL OF.

As a large number of inquiries have been sent to the American to know if Mr. Jack Graves, the driver of Stockell Engine No. 4, had received the \$10,000 which it was announced he drew on ticket No. 97,583 in the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, a reporter visited the gentleman yesterday for the purpose of ascertaining the fact. The fortunate man was found in Chief Stockell's office talking to him about buying a residence for himself and wife and daughter, which he intended to purchase with his newly gotten wealth.

The reporter announced the object of his visit to "Lucky Jack," as Mr. Graves now called.

"Did he get it?" replied the Chief of the Nashville Fire Department. "He certainly did, through the Southern Express Company, to whom he gave the ticket for collection. He was lost last Monday to call and get his money, and he asked me to go with him. Together we called on Mr. Dorsey C. Pierce, the agent of the Express Company, who handed over to Jack the usual yellow package, with the usual number of brown seals upon it, but a very unusual amount in it. Jack cut it open and we took out ten packages of greenbacks, each containing one thousand dollars in twenty dollar bills.

Mr. Pierc counseled for the company and I counted for Jack. It was correct to a dollar. We-Jack and I-went to the bank together, and he deposited \$6,500 of the money. "What did he do with the rest, you ask? I'll tell you," said the kindhearted Chief, in a whisper, as he led the reporter out into the hall. "Jack sent \$500 as a present to his father and sister, who live in the country and are not in the best of circumstances. He would not like it if he knew I told you." "Lucky Jack" told the reporter that he was still going to keep his position as engine driver, as he had been in the business for twenty years, and would not know what to do out of it. He says his wife will still do all her housework, but he is glad that he drew the \$10,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery, as he can buy himself a fine home and put \$5,000 out at interest besides. —*Nashville (Tenn.) American*, August 25.

I HAVE BEEN

Connected with the drug business for twenty years and have handled every blood purifier and remedy of any consequence for the treatment of Blood, Skin and Scalp diseases, and unhesitatingly say that no system of remedies ever devised or compounded so completely and thoroughly eradicates the diseases for which they are intended as the CICUTURA REMEDIES. Many remarkable cures have come to my knowledge, and I feel safe in warranting satisfaction if directions are followed.

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HOLLISTON, MASS.

TWELVE HOURS AFTER.

MR. HENRY BARNEs, the Tea and Coffee Merchant, 50 Houston street, New Haven, Conn., writes on May 16, 1888: "It is with feelings of gratitude, and a desire to benefit my fellow man, that I write you these few lines as testimony to the value of the greatest of all medicines. Eight years have I been a sufferer from kidney disorder and inflammation of the bladder. Sometimes when passing water the pains were something terrible, a scalding, burning sensation, with retention of urine, with sharp pains in my side, loins and back, extending clear to the back of my head, tended to make life miserable. I have been treated by a number of our best physicians, and have used any number of proprietary medicines, all to no avail, obtaining no relief. How long I would have continued in this way I do not know; in fact, I despaired of getting relief until a neighbor, who had been very much benefited by the use of Hunt's Remedy, advised me to try it; and although I had no faith that it would reach my case, yet as he spoke so highly of its great merits I decided to give it a trial, and its use has been attended with the very best possible results. Twelve hours after taking the first dose I experienced relief. I continued on its use until I had used five bottles, when all the pains had vanished, my otherwise good health returned, and I am free from all pains and am a well man. I am confident my cure has resulted from the use of Hunt's Remedy, and that alone.

"What it has done for me I am positive it will do for others. You are at liberty to use my name or this letter in any manner you see fit."

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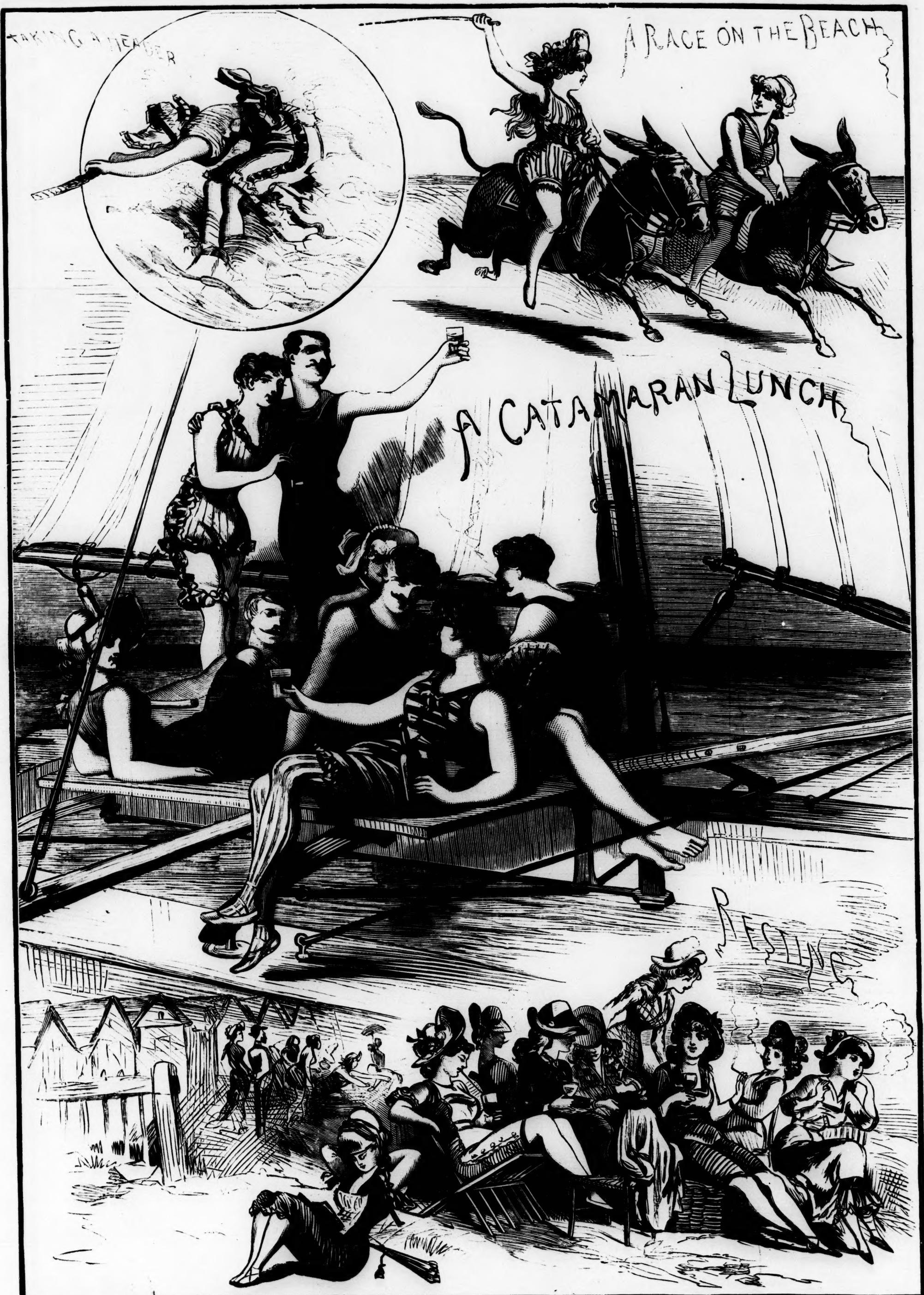
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